

THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

(NEW SERIES.)

COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-
STRACTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH
JOURNALS, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH
REVIEWS.

VOL. II. NO. IV. OCTOBER, 1820.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES MAXWELL.

1820.

THE LANCET MAGAZINE

THE LANCET MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE LANCET MAGAZINE COMPANY
LONDON: 10, ABchurch Lane, E.C. 4

Subscription prices

Five shillings per annum in advance

Single copies

One shilling per copy

1900

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ART. I.—*On the Discovery of North America by the Scandinavians, about the year 986.* [Translated from the first number of the *Svea*, a new scientific paper, published in Sweden, by F. H. Schroeder.]

THE discovery of the new hemisphere, together with the immense treasures it contains, belongs undoubtedly to those extraordinary events, from which, towards the end of the fifteenth century, a new order of things was generated in the ancient world. At the time, when those important changes took place, new empires, founded upon a series of states, hurried to destruction, had been formed of fresh tribes, arrived from the north, in the southern and western parts of Europe. Under a more southerly and serener sky, they preserved, for a considerable period, that ardent desire for adventures, which, at all times, and through all ages, has most promiscuously distinguished the Normans; and it was certainly this very same restless and active character of the new inhabitants of those states, which created the dawning day of the modern history of Europe, which began with the commencement of its renovated political institutions.

Christopher Colon was born in those times, and nourished in the same spirit. He was the first, who ventured to navi-

gate the western ocean, and opened to the Europeans the way to America. In after-ages, several learned men have examined, with undeniable sagacity, whether Colon had really first discovered the new world, or whether it had already been known to our ancestors before him.

Among the great number of valuable scientific documents, not sufficiently known, of the library of St. Mark at Venice, two maps of the year 1436 were found, published by Andrea Bianco, on which, far to the westward of the Atlantic ocean, in the same latitude with Gibraltar, a great island was marked under the name of Antillia; and to the north of that island, in the latitude of Cape Finisterre, a smaller island, called *Isola de la Man Satanaxio*. Vincenzo Formalconi, in '*Saggio sulla nautica antica de Veneziani*,' Venezia, 1783, has made various examinations on this subject, in a particular dissertation, published under the title of '*Illustrazioni di due charte antiche della Biblioteca di S. Marco, che dimostrano l'isole Antille primo della scoperta di Christoforo Colombo*.' From his inquiries it results, that according to his views, by *Antillia* was understood one of the present Antillæ or West India islands, and that, in consequence, our ancestors knew America in earlier times, or at least that group of islands, situated in front of the American continent; but, that its knowledge was lost again, until Colon reopened the way to this country, to all future generations. Formalconi observes on this occasion: '*non e percio minore la gloria di Colombo, che seppe ritrovare una terra perduta, e aprirsi il passaggio all' opposto emisfero*,' by which he expressed, 'that the glory of Colon is not lessened, on account of an earlier discovery of America, since he knew to rediscover a lost country, and open himself a passage to the opposed hemisphere.' However, in examining more accurately the maps of Bianco, one can easily perceive, that Formalconi was far from having exhausted the subject.

This circumstance has given rise to latter examinations by N. Buache, whose researches are contained in the 'Memoires de l'institut des Sciences, Lettres, et Arts, Tome VI, Paris 1806,' in which his dissertation is especially to be found, in the 'Memoires de la Classe des Sciences Mathimatiques et Physiques,' page 1—29, entitled: 'Recherches sur l'ile Antillia et sur l'epoque de la decouverte de l'Amerique.' From this interesting publication we learn, that the island of Antillia, and that of *Isola de la Man Satanaxio*, must be comprehended, according to all probability, in the Archipelago which forms the Azores. From accounts of more ancient authors, whose opinions he knew artfully to connect, but especially from a map of earlier date, than the before-mentioned,—that of F. Picignano, Venice, 1367, which is contained in the cabinet of the duke of Parma,—Buache endeavours to prove, that the island of Antillia most probably Sanct Michel; and *Isola de la Man Satanaxio*, the *Puo* of the Azores, the latter of which is known on account of its volcano, and in earlier times was called, in consequence of this phenomenon, *Mont de Satan*, or Devil's Mount. In like manner, Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, was called on the oldest maps, *Isola del Inferno*, or Hell Island.

Buache, in consequence of his statements, maintained, against the hypothesis of Formalconi, that it is Colon alone, to whom the glory of having discovered America is to be ascribed, and he concluded his dissertation with the following expression: 'il resulte de ces diverses considerations, que l'Ile Antillia n'etoit point une des iles de l'Amerique, et qu'ainsi l'Amerique n'etoit point connue avant le premier voyage de Christophe Colomb. C'est a ce navigateur seul qu'appartient la gloire de la decouverte du Nouveau Monde.'

In our subsequent remarks on this subject, we shall however show, that the researches of Buache, are far from being conclusive, and although it may appear strange to the learn-

ed of the southern parts of Europe, that northern documents should contain more positive elucidations on this important matter, yet the fact really exists. The accounts inserted more than a century ago, in the *Vinlandia* and *Groenlandia Antiqua* of Torfaeus, concerning the subject before us, appear, notwithstanding the time elapsed since their publication, not to be sufficiently known; we shall therefore communicate some illustrations on the subject, which may be considered as the continuation of Buache's inquiries.

The earliest traditions, which must be considered as the beginning of the northern history, furnish us with accounts of voyages of discovery to unknown countries. To this class belongs *Fundin Noregur*, which is the relation of an expedition from Sweden to Norway. The young Viking, at a premature age, defied the ocean, and Iceland was known to the inhabitants of the north already about the middle of the ninth century, when it was called Snow Land, on account of the constant snow, which remained on the tops of the mountains. Gardar Svafarson, a Swede, navigated afterwards round the island, and gave it the name of Gardarsholm, or Island of Gardar. His follower was Flocke, a Norman, who called it Iceland, which denomination it preserves to the present day. A great political event in Norway gave rise to the formation of a colony on that island. For, since king Harald Haarfager subdued the whole of Norway, the flower of the Norwegian nobility withdrew from the dominion of the despot, and they went with their liberty and their *Sagas* (traditions) to Iceland. Ingolf was their chief, and founder of the new colony, which took place in the year 874.

From that time also begin the written documents of the inhabitants of Iceland, and we may follow, from that period, with perfect security, the maritime expeditions of the Scandinavians. Greenland was discovered a century after the colonization of Iceland. Erik Raude, a Norman, sailed in the year 981 from Iceland, and fell in with an unknown coun-

try to the north of that island, which, at the time, was blessed with such a mild climate, that Erik, on account of its delightful verdure, was induced to call it Greenland. At his return, it was not difficult to persuade his countrymen, to take possession of the new discovered land, and to make settlements on its coasts. Already in the year 985,* Erik Raude carried the new settlers, in twenty-five vessels, to the eastern coast of Greenland; and it is from that part of the world, that new expeditions of discovery were undertaken, by the Scandinavians, to remote unknown countries. These expeditions are related in *Are Frode*, *Sturleson*, *Landnama*, and *Erybriggia*, *Saga*, &c. and according to the accounts these documents contain, we shall now proceed to the historical examination of the subject at present under our consideration.

Towards the beginning of the eleventh century, at the time when Olaf Tryggvason fought for Christianity, we find the first accounts of voyages devoted to discoveries, and since Iceland, and even Greenland, were aboriginally settled from Norway, her kings, considering their empire as the mother country, had a desire to rule those countries, in which attempt they however succeeded only in latter periods, and never to their entire satisfaction. But, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, Olaf Tryggvason, could not be shaken in his pious zeal, but he sent, at an early period, missionaries to those remote countries, to spread the doctrines of Christianity among their inhabitants. On this occasion, *Sturleson* relates, in *Olaf Tryggvason's Sagas*, in an episode, the voyages of discovery, which the Scandinavians undertook from Greenland.

* Dr. Cranz, in his history of Greenland, observes, that after the year 986, there were on the eastern coast, one hundred and ninety farms, twelve churches, two convents and two towns, called *Garde* and *Hrattalid* or *Albe*; and on the western coast, four churches and one hundred and ten farms.—S.

An inhabitant of Iceland, Biorn Herjulfson, a relative of the above mentioned Ingolf, founder of the colony, began, like the Vikinge at a very premature age, his excursions, and possessed a vessel of his own. He remained for some time in Norway, and, during that period, his father, Herjulf Bardarson, had left Iceland with Erik Raude, and settled in Greenland, at the extremity of Osterboeygden, which was called after him—Herjulfsnaes. At the return of the summer, Biorn Herjulfson sailed back to Iceland, where he learned that his father had gone to Greenland, which determined him to go thither, although he was utterly unacquainted with the navigation to that country; and Sturleson adds, that Biorn and his companions were aware of the dangers that accompany such an enterprise, none of them having ever navigated the sea of Greenland. But, notwithstanding these obstacles, they left Iceland, and after three days, when they were long out of sight of the continent, a strong northerly wind sprung up, accompanied with foggy and stormy weather, which having continued for several days, they were in an absolute incertitude as to their position. At last when the storm had abated, and the weather cleared up, which enabled them to use again their sails, they made land, towards the evening of the same day, which they did not believe to be Greenland, because there were no snow mountains to be perceived, which, as Sturleson intimates, was the sign by which Greenland was recognized. Nevertheless they approached and distinguished a country destitute of mountains, covered with forests, and intermingled with small hills, but, being afraid of setting on shore, they proceeded in their passage, and, after two days, again perceived land, which was level and likewise covered with woods.

The wind having subsided, the crew wished to land, to provide fresh water and other provisions, which Biorn Herjulfson refused. In consequence, with a south-west wind, they continued their passage for three days more, after which

they again saw land, which was high, with naked rocks and old icy mountains. As they expected to meet with a convenient place to set on shore, they sailed along the coast, and discovered it was an island. Their expedition after that, lasted four days longer, before they arrived off the most southern point of Greenland, the above-mentioned Herjulfснаes, where Biorn Herjulfson finally met his father, after a long and erring passage.

If we examine with attention, all that Sturleson relates concerning Biorn Herjulfson's adventurous expedition, the supposition that this new discovered country was North America, becomes almost certainty. For, the direction of the wind, with which Biorn sailed from Iceland, is a very strong proof in favour of this opinion; and Sturleson expressly relates, that a strong northerly wind carried the vessel to the far distant and unknown coast, which our navigator, at his departure from there, *left at his left hand*. He then steered to the north, to arrive in Greenland, in which he likewise succeeded with a south-west wind.

Biorn Herjulfson, did not pursue his discovery, but he continued to live quietly with his father, among the young and flourishing settlement in Greenland. Nevertheless, the news of his adventures were soon diffused all over the north, and the young Scandinavian *Vikinges* did not want any other encouragement besides, to find out again the country which Biorn Herjulfson had discovered.

An intrepid young man, among the settlers of Greenland, Leife Erikson, son of Erik Raude, the founder of the colony, was the chief of the new expedition. He had been, previous to that time, in Norway, where he adopted the christian religion, and where he conveyed the first christian missionaries to Greenland. He united thirty-five courageous men for his discovery, and bought a vessel of Biorn Herjulfson, with which he ventured to navigate the pathless ocean.

According to the account, which Sturleson gives of this expedition, Leife first made that part of the country again,

which Biorn had discovered last: it was very mountainous and almost destitute of vegetation; he could not even find grass. In the interior of the country were high mountains, covered with snow, and a series of naked rocks, at intervals, stretched forth, from these mountains, to the sea shore. Our navigators called this part of the country *Helluland*, on account of its physical constitution, and they proceeded on their way, without any further delay. They made afterwards a less unfriendly coast, and landed. At a distance, there was, in a large plain a thick forest, and the whole of the sea coast consisted of white sand. They called this part of the country Markland, and prosecuted their passage, with a fresh north west wind. After having sailed during two days, without interruption, they again perceived land. They approached for the purpose of descending upon an island, which, according to Sturleson, was to the northward of that country. The weather being mild and pleasant, they explored more of the interior, and found dew upon the grass, which was extremely sweet; probably our common mildew, at which the Normans were not a little surprised. They did not remain there for any considerable time, but sailed into the sound, which was formed by the island and the continent. They must however have arrived there with the flood, because the *Saga* reports, that the vessel touched the bottom, when the water ran out; which did not prevent them from sailing up with the tide. They arrived then at the mouth of a river, discharging his waters into the ocean, and they got the vessel up into a lake, where it was in security. Afterwards they landed their provisions, and built up small huts for their habitation; they likewise erected a regular building, because they agreed to remain there during the winter. The rivers, which abounded in fishes, copiously supplied them with food; and the salmons they caught were more beautiful and larger, than those they had ever seen before. Besides Sturleson reports, that the country was extremely fertile; the fruits were

excellent but scarce, and the climate was very pleasant. The grass in the field was almost of a constant verdure, for it did not freeze during the winter. They observed, continues Sturleson, that there was no need to lay up provisions for the winter, and that the days were equally long, or at least more regular than in Iceland and Greenland. This agrees as well with the expression of Sturleson (*jafn daegri*,) as with the known proportion, that the length of the days grows more regular, the nearer we come to the equator; and Sturleson adds: *Sol hafdi thar eiktat stad oe dagmala stad um skammdeigi*, which Schoening has translated thus: the sun rose at half past seven A. M. (*dagmala stad*) and set at half past four P. M. (*eiktat stad*) when the days were the shortest (*um skammdeigi*.) This was indeed very remarkable for the inhabitants of Greenland and Iceland, and it was very natural, that Leife Erikson looked upon it as something extraordinary. Meanwhile, this passage has been differently explained by various authors, concerning which, we may consult Peringskiold, Lagerbring, Torfaeus and others. In the application we made of it, we have followed the explanation of Schoening, who shows, in his history of the north, according to the quotations of the erudite Vidalins, that the shortest day, where Leife resided, was nine hours long; from which we conclude, that the part he was in, was situated about 41° northern latitude, and according to the celebrated astronomer Bugge, in the neighbourhood of Boston.

In comparing Sturleson's description with our present exact measures of time, we must not forget that they cannot agree to the minute, because they were not acquainted with such accurate means of correction as our cotemporaries. But, in examining with attention the facts contained in these old historical documents, we must evidently infer, that the discoveries of the Scandinavians were extended from the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland to Virginia. The Helluland of these intrepid navigators must have been the

most advanced part of that country to the north, and their Vinlandia, (Wine land) Virginia and upwards.

We shall now examine, how far Leife's description of the climate of Vinlandia, coincides with the just mentioned result; in favour of which we shall however observe, before hand, that our globe has undergone very important changes in its climate, which is asserted by various ancient historical data; and whatever be the final explanation of these uncommon phenomena, still the historian is furnished with facts, which cannot be denied.*

The Vinlandia, where Leife Erikson wintered with his companions, they examined more carefully. After having constructed a house, he divided his companions in two parts, one of whom had to protect the habitation, while the other made excursions every morning to become acquainted with the country. But, since they returned every evening from their expeditions, it is evident that their rambling could not stretch very far into the interior of the country. It was in one of these excursions that they discovered *grapes*, (fox grapes) which appeared so remarkable to the Normans, that they named the country Wineland, on account of this discovery, which denomination it has preserved in all the documents of Iceland. The truth of this narration of Sturleson has been very much doubted in latter periods; but the same honour seems to be attached to the father of the northern

* In the twelfth century, there was a bishoprick in Greenland, and in 1276 the pope claimed the tithes from the ecclesiastical revenues, which in 1327 consisted in *dentibus de Roardo*, probably *dentibus de Rosmarus* or walrus teeth. In the year 1418, Greenland was mentioned for the last time, and the tithes it then paid, consisted of one hundred and thirty lispunds; about two thousand six hundred pounds teeth of walrus. Since that period, old Greenland was entirely lost, and no traces of its former towns and castles, on the east coast, could be found again, until 1721, when John Egede, a Norwegian minister and his companions, discovered some of the ruins of stone buildings, of which still more were existing, agreeable to what they learned from the Esquimaux.—S.

history, which has been rendered, with profusion, to Herodotus, many of whose accounts have been considered as fabulous, until they were entirely confirmed after having been submitted to a more careful analysis.

To ascertain, what Sturleson advanced, several recent travellers will have observed, that various species of grapes grow wild in North America; and Schoening has given various testimonies, with regard to this subject, in his history of the north, stating that these grapes were particularly produced in great quantity in Virginia; and there is not the least room for doubt, but the Americans make a species of wine of wild grapes, which demonstrates the veracity of Sturleson's narration.

Besides Sturleson relates, that wheat likewise grew spontaneously in the new discovered country. We suppose that he understood corn or *zea*, mays, *Linn.* which is produced almost in any part of America, and this appears so evident that there is no necessity of having recourse to any other explanation; as Kalm has done, who believes that this wheat was nothing else but *elymus arenarius*, *Linn.* which is found all along the North American coasts up to Newfoundland, and which at a distance, has some resemblance to fields of grain.* Sturleson further observes, that our navigators found a species of wood, which they called *mosur*, and which was of such a size, as to be used in the construction of their house. Now, it is generally known, that both in the Swedish language, and in that of Iceland, the *betula saxatilis*, *Linn.* is still called *masur* or *mosur*, from which we infer, that the species they made use of, belonged to the birch trees, of which many varieties are produced in North America.

With the returning spring our intrepid navigators determined to go back to Greenland. They provided a whole cargo of the above mentioned articles, and went to sea. They

* There is no corn growing spontaneously throughout America; Kalm's opinion must be considered as correct.—S.

arrived in their country, without visiting Helluland and the remaining shores. From this circumstance we can easily perceive, that the northern Vikinges were very expert mariners, and that they ventured to cross the ocean, without any of the nautical instruments of latter invention, and that they did not sail along the coasts, like the navigators of the southern parts of Europe.

After this expedition, Leife Erikson remained with his father at Brattehlid, situated near Eyriksfiord. But the news of his new discovered countries, *Landafundi*, as they called them in their language, was soon generally diffused, which induced several of the settlers of Greenland, to participate in these voyages of discovery.

Thorwald Erikson, brother of Leife Erikson, first visited Wineland after him. He assembled thirty companions and went to sea. He arrived, without any accident, in Wineland, and during the spring he visited the coasts. Thorwald first landed in a boat with some of his companions, to examine the shore. It was very pleasant and covered with forests, and, as Sturleson adds, the shore itself was covered with white sand, just so, as Leife Erikson had observed it, and as the coasts of North America are still described. In front of the shore there were many islands, reefs and shallows. There were neither here, nor on an island, situated more to the westward, traces of men or animals to be perceived; but on the island there was however a *hut*, the work of our species. The ensuing summer our adventurers continued to explore the coasts and islands; and, according to Sturleson, they particularly directed their excursions to the west. Then they resolved to examine the northern and eastern shores, to which purpose they fitted out their vessel, instead of the boat they had used in their former nautical expeditions along the coasts. In this second summer they sailed into a bay, surrounded by woody hills. They landed and found the environs so delightful and advantageous, that Thorwald Erikson resolved to

make a settlement in that place. But they had hardly returned on board the vessel, when they perceived three boats, steering towards them. In each of the boats, there were three inhabitants of the country, whom Sturleson called Skralinger, a denomination under which the Esquimaux were known to the settlers of Greenland; as we learn from the *Sagas* of Arne Frode and others. Besides, the same documents contain a description of those wild tribes, which perfectly agrees with what we have learned, in recent times, from Kalm and Mackenzie. These polar men, who were in greater number at that period than at present, were of a small size; they were hideous, lived in caves, used arrows, and had boats of skins, called Cajaken. Instead of waiting with composure for the arrival of the Skralinger, Thorwald Erikson and his companions prepared to fight, and the issue was, that all the savages but one, who escaped in his boat, were made prisoners.

Having happily escaped the dangers which threatened them, our adventurers, again went on shore, and being very much fatigued, they laid down to repose; when, all of a sudden, they were roused by the cries, that Skralinger had arrived in great number, to renew the conflict. In consequence they immediately returned to their vessel, preparing to defend themselves, and the savages were soon routed. But, during the action, Thorwald Erikson was mortally wounded with an arrow, and, according to his own desire, he was entombed on the same spot, where he intended to form a settlement. The ensuing spring, the vessel having been laden with indigenous productions, our heroes returned home, and arrived, without any further accident, at Eyriksfiord in Greenland, where Leife Erikson resided, and to whom they had 'very important news' to communicate.

Thorstein Erikson, the third brother of Leife Erikson, undertook afterwards another expedition to Wineland, which terminated fatally. He was cast away on the western coast

of Greenland, where he, and the greater part of his companions perished. In the meanwhile, this event did not intimidate Thorfin Karlsefne, a very rich man, as Sturleson says, who immediately fitted out another expedition to Wineland. It must be observed, that the settlers of Greenland considered this new land, as a promised country, where riches and honour were to be earned. Thorfin, who had lately returned from Norway to Greenland, married the widow of Thorstein Erikson. He embarked with his wife and fifty companions, among whom there were five more women; and many other settlers having joined this expedition of their own resolution, Thorfin became commander of three vessels with one hundred and forty individuals. In departing from Greenland, he had more extensive views, than his predecessors. Besides, the number of companions was greater, and the whole expedition appeared to set off with the intention of forming a settlement; for Sturleson mentions expressively, that they provided furniture of every kind, and that they had agreed to divide the land and its productions, at equal shares, amongst them. Thorfin and his suite landed in Wineland, and took possession of the house, which Leife Erikson had constructed, where their furniture could easily be lodged. Besides, the country offered to our navigators an abundance of various provisions; but, particularly fruits and fishes. A large whale, cast on shore by the flood, was a welcome present; but they did not like the meat. The natives, Skralinger, did not show themselves during the winter; but they appeared in spring, and seemed to be of a more friendly disposition. They offered skins and fur, which they wished to exchange for foreign articles. They particularly admired *red cloth*, which they preferred for head ornaments. But, above all, they wished to barter arms, which Thorfin Karlsefne had prohibited; and, with the view, not to interrupt the friendly dispositions of the natives, he ordered some milk to be sent to them, with which they were extremely pleased. This visit however in-

duced Thorfin to act with more prudence for the future, and he surrounded his habitation with a plank work, to prevent sudden attacks. Towards the beginning of the winter, the natives appeared in greater number with a desire of bartering, but one of them having unfortunately been killed, in consequence of an attempt he made to appropriate to himself the arms of one of Thorfin's companions, the friendly intercourse, which had subsisted to that moment, was immediately interrupted, and a conflict ensued, in which the natives were defeated. These disturbances made the stay of our navigators, in a foreign country, very precarious, and they seriously thought of returning home. They carried away a rich cargo of fur and birch wood, and went to Greenland. Various other circumstances, concerning this expedition, are contained in Erik Raude's *Saga*, where it is stated, that Thorfin Karlsefne, after an abode of three years on the distant coasts of Wineland, had returned home, accompanied by three children, natives of that country, who were brought up in the doctrines of Christianity. According to the accounts these children gave, the *Skralingers* were, at that time, under the dominion of two kings, Avaldemon and Valdividia; they also mentioned countries, situated more in the interior.

About that time, expeditions to Wineland began to be considered as very profitable; but they appear, in a certain measure, to have remained in the exclusive possession of the family of Leife Erikson. His sister, Freydisa Eriksdotter had resolved to undertake a similar voyage, in company with Helge and Finnboge, two brothers and natives of Iceland, who had lately arrived, in their own vessel, from Norway in Greenland. Both parties had agreed to make the voyage to Wineland in their own vessels, and to engage an equal number of companions. They arrived, without any accident, in Wineland; where they found that Freydisa, contrary to the agreement, had engaged five men more in her vessel. This circumstance immediately created suspicion between both

parties, which soon broke out in violent actions. For Freydisa, who was a detestable woman, persuaded her husband Thorwaldr, who had arrived with her from Greenland, to assassinate the two Normans and their crew, and to take possession of the vessel. This horrid action having been executed, Freydisa returned to Greenland with her husband, carrying both vessels with rich cargoes thither. She related that the two Normans had died, and she bribed her companions very generously to make their reports agree with hers. Notwithstanding the news of her crime was successively divulged, and excited general indignation and contempt.

Thorfin Karlsefne having terminated his expedition to Wineland, settled in Iceland, where his descendants preserved the *Sagas* of these travels to America in the greatest purity. Some of his relations were bishops or other respectable inhabitants of Iceland, of whom Sturleson gathered the greatest part of his materials, which induces us to look upon them as faithful accounts. After that period it does not appear that Wineland had been visited as frequently as before; which is the cause, why this country, in latter *Sagas* of Iceland, is but seldom mentioned. Nevertheless Erybriggia-Saga relates, that Gunleif Gunlangson, towards the end of the reign of Olof the saint, had been overtaken, on the western coast of Iceland, by a violent storm, which carried him to unknown shores, where he and his companions hardly escaped the attacks of the natives. There is no doubt, but this country was the same which had been known to the Scandinavians heretofore, because our navigators met with a native of Iceland, who enjoyed great reputation among the inhabitants of that country. Besides, it is expressively mentioned in the *Saga*, that they had been cast away, by a violent storm, from east and north-east, to a far distant country in the south-west, which can be no other continent, than that of America. More particular accounts concerning this subject, are contained in Landnama-Saga, where they give a detailed report, how Fon

Biskop had travelled to Wineland, to preach the gospel on those distant shores, in which attempt he died the death of heroic martyrdom. It is further observed, that the same pious zeal induced the first bishop of Greenland, Erik, in the year 1121, to engage in a similar expedition. In this manner, although more seldom, some new expeditions to Wineland were still continued; but the idea of forming a settlement from Greenland, in that country, disappeared by degrees entirely.

The knowledge of this distant but excellent country was not confined to Greenland alone; but it soon spread all over the north, and it is more than probable, that it was likewise, although imperfectly, communicated to the south of Europe; because, already in early ages, the Scandinavians were acquainted with the route to the Mediterranean, through Niorva Sund, or the straits of Gibraltar. According to Benjamin Tudelensis, Alexandria was visited by the Danes and Swedes; and similar intercourse existed between the Hanseatic towns in the north, and the commercial cities on the Mediterranean. Under such circumstances, it is very probable, that some reports of the discoveries of the Scandinavians had penetrated to the Italian commercial places, as Genoa, Venice, &c. which would give an ample explanation of the maps of Andrea Bianco, and F. Picignano; and we might infer from it, that their indications were founded on dark traditions, which had reached them from the north, through the medium of commercial intercourse.

But it is not only in the *Sagas* that this Viking-life of the Scandinavians has been collected; we likewise possess some historical documents of the greatest purity on this subject, which deserve a closer examination. Adamus Bremensis mentions Wineland, as an island situated at a great distance in the ocean, concerning which he learned wonderful news from the Danes. 'Praeterea una adhuc,' he says, 'insula reperta in illo oceano (qui Norwegiam et etiam Finmarkiam

lambit) quae dicitur Vinland, eo quod ibi vites sponte nascuntur nam et fruges non seminatas abundare, not fabulosa opinione, sed certa Danorum comperimus relatione.' Although this description is short and fragmentary, yet it perfectly confirms the accounts of Sturleson and those collected in *Sagas* by earlier authors.

Besides Adamus Bremensis, there exists an old chorography of Greenland, called Greipla, which mentions Wineland, and affirms still more the accounts of Sturleson, with regard to the geographical situation of that country. Verelius, in his notes concerning Hervarar-Saga, has preserved a fragment of this document, which he probably borrowed from one of the Codices, contained in the former archives of antiquities. Having described the most extreme frontiers of Greenland, he continues: 'Suder fra er Helluland, Pad er Kallat Skraelingaland. Pa er skamt til Vinlands hin gode, er sumer menn actla adgangi of Africa. Milli Vinlands or Groenlands er Ginungagap. Pud geingur ur hafi Pui er heitir oceanus: Pad huerfur um allan heim.' It is evident, from this passage, that Helluland was called, in the Greipla, Skralingaland, and that it was situated to the southward of Greenland, which plainly designates the extensive regions, situated on the northern ocean, which are inhabited by the Esquimaux. These particulars were well known to the settlers of Greenland; and they were especially well acquainted with Skralingaland, as it is mentioned in the Greipla; for it extends, in connection with Greenland, round the bay of Baffin and that of Hudson, and stretches, with its southern frontiers, to Labrador and Newfoundland. The possessions of the Esquimaux, even at present, reach to the 50°; and since it is probable, that in earlier times, they extended some degrees more to the south, which perfectly agrees with the idea of wandering tribes. Wineland, which, according to the Skreipla, was not far from Skralingaland, must have been situated between the 40th and 50th degrees of north latitude,

and even more southerly; and this opinion likewise coincides with what we have observed in the present dissertation, with regard to the geographical situation of Wineland, and the disposition of its clime. It is further mentioned in the Greipla, that Ginungagap* extends between Greenland and Wineland, and that it communicates with the great ocean, which, as it is expressively said in the above quoted passage, surrounds the whole world. From this representation, we can again perceive, that the straits of Baffin and David are to be understood by this description. Besides, it is mentioned in the same above quoted passage, that the new discovered country is contiguous to Africa, or to Moreland, as they call it in the *Sagas*; and although this assertion be false, still it is important to be known, because it discovers what opinion our forefathers entertained, from the earliest times, with regard to the communication of the different parts of the globe.

It is impossible to state, at present, how much intelligence we may draw, with regard to this subject, from those few remaining historical fragments in North America, which have withstood the ruinous influence of ages. Those remnants of fortifications, tomb-hills and cones of earth, which recent travellers have discovered in that country, are indeed remarkable. Kalm supposed them to be traces of an early visitation of the Scandinavians on the coasts of America; and although the inquiries, made on these subjects, by Volney, Smith, Barton, and lately by the learned society of New York, seem to lead to a different conclusion, still it might happen that these objects had not been thoroughly examined. For, if Mallet and Pontoppidan suppose that the Esquimaux are remainders of the earlier Scandinavian settlers, and if the great linguist, Ol. Rudbeck the younger will have

* This word is known in the Edda, and is no proper name in this place, but signifies a vast hiatus.

discovered some analogy between the American-Virginian, and the ancient northern languages; these suppositions, we must allow, have no historical foundation. Latter examinations prove, on the contrary, that the language and physical constitution of the Esquimaux are analogous to those of the Tschutski and Samoyedes, from which, with regard to our species, we can fully demonstrate that an intimate communication must have subsisted between the north-east part of Asia and the north-west part of America.*

It is not ascertained by historians how long the Scandinavians continued their expeditions to North America. In Sturleson they do not go beyond the middle of the eleventh century; but in other documents, accounts are given till within the twelfth century. An ancient author, Ordevicus Vi-

* The same analogy can likewise be shown in the southern parts of America, and especially in Brazil, where both the external configuration of the face, and the various languages spoken by the natives, exhibit in the fullest degree, Asiatic origin. A collection of words of some of the South American tribes, which I intend to publish at some future period, will show a great similarity between many of these words and those of the Thibetans and of various other Asiatic nations. Besides, there is a very remarkable physiological curiosity to be observed in the Mongoyos, one of the Brazilian tribes, whose skin is as white as that of an inhabitant of the northern parts of Europe or America. They are moreover the most skilful and most laborious Indians of that part of the world.

I have to regret my insufficiency to collect precise materials, concerning their mode of life, manners, &c. but I expect, that Dr. Freyreiss, a native of Germany, who has explored the Brazils these six years past, with the most indefatigable perseverance and intrepidity, will favour us with an accurate account of this interesting tribe. Many other accounts I collected, but which I cannot ascertain, concerning other tribes in the interior, living like Tartars, mostly on horseback, and being armed with lances, will, I hope, be likewise examined by Dr. Freyreiss, whose intention was to explore Brazils during five years more; to penetrate to the most distant parts in the west, and thence to descend the river Amazon; which journey, if it be crowned with the success it deserves, will embrace the immense extent of about 28° in latitude and 35° in longitude.—S.

talis mentions Wineland, towards the end of the eleventh century, as one of the ultra-marine possessions of Norway; where we must recollect, that both Iceland and Greenland, after various political commotions, at last submitted to the dominion of the kings of Norway. But already before that political union, the bartering trade of the settlers had probably subsided; else it would certainly be unaccountable, how it happened that they were not better informed on that subject in the mother country. Besides, the cause of this event, must probably have arisen from the continued hostilities of the Esquimaux, to whom those small numbers of foreigners, who came over for the purpose of making settlements on the coast, could not resist for any length of time. Thus, Thorfin Karlsefne himself saw the best of his intentions vanish; for although he arrived there with a numerous company, he was necessitated, after three years residence, to give up his hopes of settling on these shores.

The proximity of the Esquimaux to Greenland, became, in latter times, even perilous to the settlers of Iceland. In the annals of Greenland, quoted in the Saga library of Muller, it is reported, that the Esquimaux destroyed the possessions of that colony, in the year 1379. The Esquimaux, at that time, were probably attacked by the Mohawks and other tribes from the south, which caused them to take their direction to the north; of whom several parties penetrated perhaps into the eastern parts of Greenland, where their proximity was undoubtedly one of the causes of the destruction of the colony. Cranz and Egede mention a letter (bull) from the pope containing accounts of a hostile fleet, which is reported to have caused great devastation in Greenland, about the year 1418. At the same time, the plague made furious ravages in Iceland which probably propagated its desolating influence to Greenland. Some *decennia* after this unhappy occurrence, the polar ice, with its insurmountable walls shut up entirely the way to the eastern coast of Greenland, (Oester Roygt.)

It is generally known, in what succession, the above mentioned causes prepared and consummated the ruin of the colony in Greenland. The disturbances, which prevailed at the time in Scandinavia, when it was but feebly kept together, through the union of Calmar, were the causes which prevented the mother country from efficaciously supporting her distant colonies; and when it effectually took place, the period of necessity had disappeared. Notwithstanding various very important expeditions, the most intrepid mariners could not penetrate through those huge masses of ice, behind which the once so splendid colony of Greenland laid intombed in amazing cold. In this manner, the knowledge of the passage from the northern parts of Europe to America was lost with its settlers, and this important discovery remained, like many other human things, for some time at rest; until at another period, and by another nation, it was prosecuted with redoubled zeal. But the names of the first discoverers of those distant countries, would have remained in eternal oblivion, if the northern *Sagas* had not carefully collected the memory of the great actions of her heroes.—F. SCHMIDT.

ART. II.—*Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the people of India; and of their institutions, Religious and Civil.* By the Abbe J. Dubois.

(*Concluded.*)

THE art of book making so well understood by those whose employment is literary, makes us diffident in giving credit to the many fables that are daily promulgated, under the specious names of histories and accounts of foreign lands, &c. we unhesitatingly, however, bestow upon the Abbe's an implicit faith, not only from its own intrinsic worth, but the decided approbation which it has received of the best oriental scholars.

Few objects have more engrossed the attention of the learned, than the religion of the Hindus. Veiled in almost

impenetrable fiction, the Brahmans, for some considerable time after the introduction of Europeans, imposed upon their credulity, and affected a mystery, which has at length been solved; and the abominable and idolatrous worship laid open in all its disgusting wickedness and deformity.

Mystery, especially in matters of religion, is a betraying symptom of unsoundness, the refuge only of the guilty; the clear and undisguised evidence of the Christian worship, so far from seeking to conceal its doctrines, is widely and openly disseminated, and its invaluable privileges offered to the acceptance of the meanest individual: partakers in common of its blessings, we are able to judge for ourselves of the value of what it is designed to teach, and the simple grandeur of its style impresses the mind with a conviction of its truth; accepted as a standard of faith by all classes of Christians, the worship of the one true God, simplifies its doctrines; and it proudly disdains all attempt at concealment. Widely different are the Vedas, and the other religious books of the Hindus; written in the true hyperbolical style of the east; abounding in fiction and metaphor, they seek rather to hide the perniciousness of their doctrines, than to open the sources of religious contemplation and comfort to their deluded believers; occasional bursts of elegance of style, and sublimity of diction have induced many learned men to admire the profound skill displayed in their construction; but they sink into insignificance, when put in comparison with the institutes of Moses,* and the moral law of the Gospel. Unlike the teachers of the divine word, in the Christian church, the Brahmans conceal from the eyes and understandings of their followers, the fundamental principles of their religion; and by constantly appealing to their passions, by which they are entirely governed, contrive to delude them into a belief of their sanctity, and sometimes even arro-

* See Priestley's comparison between the religion of Moses and the Hindus.

gate to themselves divinity: thus, in the Hindu law, it is stated 'If a Sudra (the lowest of the four casts) reads the Vedas to any of the other three casts, or listens to them, heated oil, wax and melted tin, shall be poured into his ears: if he gets them by heart, he shall be put to death: if he spits on a Brahmin, his lips shall be cut off.' In fact the Eleusinian games of the Greeks, and the temples erected to Venus and Minerva, were not more celebrated for their debaucheries and lasciviousness, than are those of the Hindus.

The progress of knowledge, especially that kind which elevates the mind to the contemplation of divinity, is a desideratum with every good and pious Christian, and in proportion to its increase will the moral and physical happiness be improved. The striking effects of early tuition, on the morals and disposition of a people, are too obvious in the present day, not to desire a more diffused and extended circulation of the blessings and benefits of instruction; and never can it be better employed, than in seeking to disseminate it among a people, who are so absolutely sunk in ignorance and superstition, as to resign even the distinguishing attribute of men, and submit to be led, like brutes, to the commission of every breach of morality and common decency, under the sacred name of religion.

India was celebrated for its learning, and the wisdom of its philosophers, long before the eruption of Alexander the great into Asia. His astonishment was excited by the power and riches of its kings, the grandeur of their palaces, and the magnificence of their regal state. The inhabitants however were, with regard to religious knowledge, wholly resigned to idolatry.

The conquests of the Ottoman princes brought with them the religion of Mahomet; but notwithstanding oppressions and cruelties, of every description, exercised upon this inoffensive race, they pertinaciously adhered to their original belief, and are, at this day, the same, in every respect, as they were

centuries ago. Such constancy and perseverance would be a subject of admiration, were they exerted in a good cause, not that the change from Hinduism to Mahometanism would have produced any beneficial result, but the same spirit exists at this time, and renders them utterly regardless of the divine truths, so meritoriously attempted to be taught them. Nor can we be much surprised, that they should be unwilling to desert a worship, which indulges and ministers to their sensual appetites. A religion which has for its basis the severest morality, and abstinence from unlawful gratifications, will find a natural bar to the wide dissemination of its gospel, until the gross ignorance, in which they are involved, shall be dispelled, by placing, in their own power, the means of ascertaining the truth by intellectual improvements.

The existence of a first cause, seems to be a principle imbibed with our entry into life. The savage, from the light of nature alone, sees that some being, superior to himself, governs his actions, and causes the various beauties of nature to exhibit themselves in all their glory; the revolving day and night excite his astonishment; he looks around and admires the hues of his native forests, and rejoices in the protection they afford; the effulgence of the sun and the milder light of the moon attract his notice, and, under their vivifying influence, he sees the earth spontaneously bring forth her productions, which supply him with his daily food; his limited intellect, naturally imputes all the benefits he receives to what his vision tells him, has been derived from that source; and he falls prostrate before those objects, that are more immediately presented to his view as the great parents of nature, and the most visible administration to his wants. Such has been the origin of religious observances in every barbarous age, and the natural results of unassisted and unsophisticated reason; and such we find to have been the early practice of

the Hindus, until disfigured and rendered hideous by the polytheistical inventions of artful and designing men.

As men progressed in improvement, and witnessed the actions of some predominant spirit, which, to their view, appeared to be superhuman, they were anxious to transmit to posterity the memory of them, and from thence commenced the deification of their heroes, to whom they afterwards assigned a bodily form, believing it to be the only means of fixing durable impressions of them in the minds of a people nearly insensible to every thing that did not directly affect the senses.

On such materials is founded the Hindu mythology; a system of allegory, not confined to India, but peculiar to all the nations of antiquity, the most depraved, dissolute and indecent conduct is ascribed to their divinities, the infancy of whose actions may vie with the grossest descriptions of the Pantheon.

The Trimurti, composed of Brahma, Vishnu and Sivah, is understood by the Hindus to signify three powers, because the three essential energies of *Creation, Preservation* and *Destruction*, severally pertain to these three gods. The first is the leading attribute of Brahma, by whom all things were created. The second belongs to Vishnu, the preserver of all that exists: the last to Siva, the destroyer of what Brahma creates, and Vishnu preserves.

These three deities are sometimes represented singly, with their peculiar attributes; and sometimes as blended into one body with three heads. It is in this last state that they obtain the name of Trimurti, or three powers. It appears also that this union of persons may have been intended to denote, that existence cannot be produced and reproduced, without the combination of the threefold power of creation, conservation, and destruction.

These are sometimes worshipped singly, and sometimes collectively, without regard to particular doctrines.

As to the origin of these three principal Deities, a variety of opinions exist, so that the fable of the Trimurti, is less consistently supported than any other doctrines in the Hindu books; they are principally occupied in what relates to the debaucheries and abominable amours of the three deities in a combined form. The *three powers* contained in the etymology of the word, appear to show that, under the representation of three divine persons in one body, the ancient Hindus intended the three great powers of nature; namely the earth, the water, and the fire. In course of time this original notion would gradually vanish; and an ignorant race, directed solely by the impressions of the senses, gradually converted what at first was a simple allegory, into three distinct godheads.

The strong resemblance between the attributes of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, of the Hindus, and Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto of the Greeks, and Romans, have induced many to suppose that the latter derive their origin from Asia; the resemblance, however, does not, by any means, prove that they are the same deities, though worshipped under different names; for the attributes of any one of the Trimurti are equally applicable to the three divinities of the Greeks and Romans. That a resemblance does exist, is not sufficient to justify the conclusion that they are formed in the same model. Archbishop Potter, in his 'Antiquities,' conceives that the mythology of the Greeks was derived from the contributions of the 'colonies from divers nations,' from whom they borrowed some part of their religious ceremonies, and not wholly from Egypt. The gross idolatry of the Hindu, extends far beyond the more refined systems of Greece and Rome, as every thing, animate and inanimate, participates in the devotion of the former. It differs widely too in the object worshipped. The Greeks and Romans paid adoration only to the God whom the image is supposed to represent, while the Hindu, on the contrary, worships the actual sub-

stance for its utility; thus, A woman adores the basket, which serves to bring or to hold her necessities, and offers sacrifices to it; as well as to the rice-mill, and other implements that assist her in household labours. A carpenter does the like homage to his hatchet, his adze, and other tools; and likewise offers sacrifices to them. A Brahman does so to the style with which he is going to write; a soldier to the arms he is to use in the field; a mason to his trowel, and a labourer to his plough; in some instances, however, it assimilates to the Grecian mode.

Though the people of India have still preserved a knowledge of the Supreme Being, his providence, his mercy and his justice, yet have they so disfigured it by allegory and fiction, that scarcely a trace of it can be discerned, amid the gross darkness in which they are enveloped; such knowledge appears to be confined exclusively to the Brahmans, who find their account in keeping it from their deluded followers.*

* The writer, in company with three European gentlemen, was witness to a most interesting and impressive scene on the banks of the Hoogly, near Calcutta, which confirms him in the belief that the lower casts are kept in entire ignorance of this important doctrine. A Brahman, who had been converted by the labours of the Baptist Missionaries, at Serampore, was arguing with another on the blessings of the gospel dispensation, and its preference to the idolatrous worship of the Hindu; he had divested himself of his turban, and held a Bible under his arm, to which he constantly appealed for the truth of the doctrine he supported: the costume, the attitude, the subject, and the surrounding pagans, brought forcibly to our minds the primitive apostles expounding the law to the Gentiles; the mildness, the benignity displayed in his countenance, the affectionate tone in which he uttered the divine truths, and his solicitude to impress them with the importance of his doctrines, formed a striking contrast to the fury and violence of his opponent, who in vain appealed to Gunga, Brahma, Vishnu, and the whole Hindu Mythology to prove his position; foiled in every attempt by the coolness and intrepidity of the Christian, laughed at even by the natives, amounting to two hundred, around him, he broke out into the most ungovernable rage, and with a load of abuse left the field to his opponent, who afterwards partook with us the refreshment of tea, and con-

Attempts have also been made to prove that they are acquainted with the doctrine of the trinity, which is said to be comprised under the fable of the Trimurti; this, however, requires, says the Abbe, 'expressions more decided, more consistent, than are to be found in the Hindu writings.'

It is a principle with the Hindu, that whatever is the cause of good or evil, is entitled to honour; and they readily prostitute the name of God by applying it to any mere mortal whom they have reason to view with fear or hope.

A letter sent to lord Minto, when governor general of India, commenced thus, 'My lord, you are my God.'

When the natives of antiquity first lost sight of the knowledge of the true God, their gradation downwards, from one degree of idolatry to another, was extremely rapid; gods multiplied, and became subservient to the passions of the human heart; fanciful hypothesis usurped the place of positive truth; the whole system of moral law was lost in the universal superstition which prevailed, and a system of ethics, adapted more to the gratification of the senses, than the maintenance of public order and decency, was instituted in its place. The poor Hindu, ignorant, illiterate and superstitious, is satisfied with the mode of worship prescribed by the Brahmans, without inquiry into its correctness. Accustomed to a blind submission, under the most despotic of governments, they receive, as truths, all the absurdities uttered by their religious teachers, who exercise over them, and their consciences, the most unbounded sway; the light of reason is extinguished by the darkness of superstition; and the grosser particles of sense, destroy the progressive advancement to virtue. The great revenue derived to the Brahmans by the institution of festivals in honour of their gods, where scenes the most abominable occur, and every

firm, by the urbanity of his manner, the favourable impressions his conduct had procured for him.

thing that can gratify the senses, constitutes the principal ceremonies of the worship, is, of itself, sufficient to destroy every principle of honesty and integrity in the one, and reduce the other to the lowest grade of moral turpitude: the mind, thus prepared, will readily accommodate itself to every expediency, and, as hope and fear are passions that have so considerable an influence over the human heart, we cannot wonder that, in their general debasement, they should ascribe divinity to mortals, who are so able to injure them.

Of the elements, water is the principal object of adoration: the sacred stream of the Ganges is of indispensable importance in all transactions of life; to swear by it is the most sacred of oaths; and, as on the eve of dissolution, it is supposed to procure a happy passage out of life; for this purpose, the dying are conveyed to the banks of the river, where, placed on an elevated mound, the last ceremonies of their religion are performed: to those who are at too great a distance to be thus blessed, its waters are conveyed at a considerable expense.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the gods of India, as they reckon no less than thirty-three *koti* of gods, each *koti* being equal to ten millions, so that the whole number amounts to three hundred and thirty millions. Suffice it that the principal among them are the Trimurti, Krishna, the Lingam, Vighneswara and Indra or Devindra. The worship of animals, though not confined to India, having been carried to a very great extent by the Egyptians, is another peculiar feature in the Hindu mythology. The ape, the bull, the bird garuda, and the serpent, have their devotees; some on account of their usefulness to man, in his daily labour, and others for the destruction of noxious reptiles, but the most remarkable and absurd doctrine is that of transmigration, of which we shall now speak.

The doctrines of the metempsychosis, or the passage of the soul after death, from one body to another, is one of the most singular, in appearance, that could have been invented

by the genius of man. When we reflect, however, that revelation had not yet shed its light on the world, and on that desire of life, which we all experience, we cannot be surprised that a doctrine, which goes to afford this consolation, should be adopted with avidity. That the soul should cease to exist with the body, was, to the sensualist, a matter of extreme sorrow and mortification. That they were to resign, forever, all the delights and pleasures of sense, could not but be a circumstance of regret; they, therefore, probably from observing the instinct and sagacity of the brute, invented a doctrine so consolatory to the feelings and dispositions of the people, that it was embraced by all classes, and continues, to this day, a fundamental article in the Hindu belief.

People who are resident in Christian countries, and have had the benefit of early instruction, with an opportunity of judging for themselves, can scarcely credit the stories of travellers, who give to them almost incredible accounts of foreign customs. Incredulity is so peculiar a disposition in man, that it requires the most undoubted testimony to induce his belief, particularly when the relation implies a total aberration from all moral virtue, and an acquiescence in the most absurd and ridiculous opinion: nor can we be surprised at his scepticism, when we hear relations so marvellous, of absurdities so striking to a cultivated mind, and a worship so abhorrent to the first principles of nature. There are many accounts we would wish to disbelieve, but the various histories of intelligent and learned men, have taken from us even the ability to doubt. The state of man, when not governed by any other motives than fear and hope, and whose passions are the sole regulators of his conduct, is a perpetual warfare against his fellow creatures; his moral perceptions are blunted by the constant duplicity he is compelled to maintain, in such a state of society, and he seizes with avidity a prospect of future emancipation from his cares, little scrupulous as to consequences, provided his object be attained.

In the life of an idolator, possessed of a plurality of gods, an offence committed against one is propitiated by a sacrifice to his opposite; thus secure, he is no longer actuated by moral ties, but seeks the gratification of his senses, even to the detriment of his fellow creatures. Laws are in vain enacted for men whose sins can be expiated and eternal happiness insured by a sacrifice of themselves at the shrine of their divinities; and the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is neutralized, where endless felicity is promised to those who bestow alms and benefactions on the Brahmans.

The metempsychosis, called, by the Hindus, *Parma Jamura*, or regeneration, that so long agitated the learned, since the time of Pythagoras, is erroneously ascribed to that heathen as the inventor, for it is certain that he did not promulgate his system until after his return from India. And, says the Abbe:

‘Is it at all to be imagined that the Brahmans would consent to borrow a system so abstracted and extraordinary from a stranger? Those who know their pride and arrogant presumption, will find great difficulty in believing it. Never can a Brahman be persuaded that sciences, which he is ignorant of, can be lodged in the mind of a man of any other cast, far less of a foreigner; and never would he lend an ear to any individual who should pretend to be acquainted with any new science or useful discovery, of which he himself would not assume to be inventor.’

A difference, however, exists between the systems of Greece and India. Pythagoras taught that the soul in leaving the body passed frequently into that of an animal, and consequently that a total abstinence from such food was incumbent, lest in the repast, a son should unwittingly feed on the body of his father, whose soul might possibly have passed into that of a sheep or fowl: and such continued to be the Pythagorean creed, until the time of Plotinus and Porphyry,

disciples of Plato, who substituted another, implying, that the souls of men passed into a human body, and that of brutes into their own species, and endeavoured, though too late, to prove that such was the original doctrine. The Hindus, on the contrary, found their belief on two different principles; one is, 'their dread of being defiled by the use of animal nutriment,' and the other the 'abhorrence of the murder which must have been committed before they could enjoy such a feast.' The Hindus believe that no difference exists between the souls of men and of animals; and that the sins of human beings in one generation are the cause of their being degraded to the condition of a beast in another. Hence they conclude, that it is equally wicked to slay a beast or an insect as to murder one of their own species.

Two principal causes are assigned by the Hindus for the transmigration of souls; the first, that transgression must be punished and virtue rewarded: thus, 'as in this life, vice is frequently triumphant and virtue beaten down;' the gods as a remedy for the evil, have decreed that he who, during his life, was a wicked man, a robber or homicide, shall, in requital of his crimes, be regenerated after his present life, and become a Pariah, some voracious animal, or a creeping insect, or be born blind or crooked; so that, according to this doctrine, lowness of birth or bodily defects, are an incontestable proof of the perverseness that reigned in a preceding existence. On the contrary, to have been born beautiful, handsome, rich, powerful, a Brahman, or even a cow; every circumstance of that nature, is a clear proof of the pure and virtuous life which had distinguished the fortunate object in the preceding generation. Extremes, it is said, are nearly allied, and certainly no affinity exists between virtue and a Brahman, whatever he may have been in former life: in this, he is a compound of every vice; lying and knavery are his characteristics; and comparing his former existence with his present, he is like a criminal at the bar, who has always

maintained a good reputation up to the time of committing the offence, for which he is arraigned; the unbounded credulity, however, of the Hindu sees nothing but absolute perfection.

The Hindus have a notion peculiar to themselves, which they assign as another cause of transmigration, 'that a soul after death, must retain something of the dispositions and stains which it had contracted in a preceding generation, just as an earthen vessel retains for a long time the odour of some strong liquor which was put into it when new. They strengthen this comparison by the instance of a woman, who had been a fish in her preceding generation; and who, though in the present, a real woman, still retained the fishy odour. It is necessary, therefore, that a long succession of generations should cleanse the impurities of the past; which must be followed by a vast number more, if, in place of purifying themselves from ancient stains, they contract new ones, by a dissolute life.

As to the proportion and duration of rewards and punishments, it must depend on the measure of virtue and vice predominant in each individual, which must require a greater or less succession of new births before arriving at that sublime state of purity which at last puts a period to this transition of the soul from body to body, and inseparably reunites it to the great Being, to Para-Brahma.

With the exception of those who maintain the doctrine of materiality, all nations have admitted a future state of rewards and punishment; but like all other parts of the Hindu system, it has been made subservient to the purposes of the Brahmans. Punishment is sometimes imposed for any offence offered to a Brahman; and, as we have before stated, rewards bestowed on those who are liberal in their contributions in this life. The abodes of happiness are the abodes of the sensualist, and are well adapted to the genius of the people.

I have passed over their festivals, so disgusting in the recital, and their human sacrifices, which though considerably decreased, are still to be met with in some parts of India.

The effect of such a worship, especially of the Lingam, must tend to break down the barriers of virtue, and make vice a predominant principle. The influence of example, beyond precept, is daily witnessed in the common transactions of life, how much more must it operate, when the passions are interested, and sensual delights form a part of religious ceremonies. The abominable scenes transacted in public, invade the privacy of the dwelling, and the passions, no longer under the control of public opinion, riot in undisguised libertinism.

Conceiving themselves justified in the infraction of every moral precept, by the example and history of their gods, we cannot be surprised at the demoralized state of society among them. Some eminent men, dazzled by the novelty, and deceived by the specious appearance of affected sanctities, have bestowed eulogiums upon their morality, and denied that the obscene exhibition of the Lingam, has not at all tended to deprave their minds, asserting that they are merely symbolical of generation and fruition; but experience has completely overthrowm these fine spun theories, and developed the destructive poison in its true colours.

The division into casts, alone, prevents the most unbounded excesses; where moral feeling is wanting, fanaticism and superstitions step in to supply its place, and happy it is for them that such obstacles exist, in some measure to restrain; were it not for this, their unruly passions would, like the mountain torrent, dash impetuously on in one destructive course. The Brahmans alone, absolute masters of the consciences of their deluded followers, claim an exemption from the shackles of religious and moral observances, and revel in all the excesses of sensual indulgence, originating in excessive credulity. Could we hope that such impiety and infidelity were likely to be subverted by the pure and moral

precepts of the gospel, it would be something consolatory to the Christian; but, however desirous we may be of such a result, and we are too prone to believe what we wish, the unremitted exertions of the worthy missionaries, and their success, will best testify. Dr. Bryce, the minister of the Scotch Presbyterian church, in Calcutta, has asserted from the pulpit, 'that zeal the most active and disinterested, and diligence the most assiduous, have not been spared by the Christian Missionary, in his pious attempt to convert the natives of India. But, alas! it may be doubted, if at this day he boasts a single proselyte to his creed, over whom he is warranted to rejoice.'

From the profound darkness, however, that covers the land, a ray of light is shining forth in the person of a native of great literary acquirement, and of a sect from whom alone any absolute benefit can be expected to result. The authority of the Brahman is absolutely necessary to the completion of the grand design, and in this individual, it is hoped, a firm support will be given to the completion of the work. Under a host of persecution, he has succeeded in establishing a sect, consisting already of one thousand persons, who worship the true God, and take the moral law of the gospel for their guide. From such a beginning more is to be expected, than from the exertions of strangers. A spirit of inquiry has been elicited, and the altars of Belial must give way to those of a pure and spotless Deity.

On the whole we have derived much pleasure and information from the perusal of the Abbe's description, and ardently wish that, instead of avaricious speculators, a few more such men were resident in India. P.

ART. III.—*Remarks of the Edinburgh Reviewers on Mr. Walsh's Appeal.*

[Selections have not been often made from the Edinburgh Review, because that Journal has a wide circulation in this

country. We are induced, at present, to depart from the observance of this rule, in consideration of the lively interest taken in the present literary warfare, waged between the Scottish critics and our accomplished champion, the author of the 'Appeal.' Much praise has been given in some late American publications, to the candour and liberality said to be discoverable in the following critique. We confess ourselves unable to perceive any foundation for such compliments. The Edinburgh Reviewers make an artful and disingenuous defence, and while professing friendship and goodwill, exert their utmost efforts to destroy the reputation, and impede the circulation of the 'Appeal.' To attain these objects, truth and candour are unhesitatingly sacrificed. They unblushingly deny that they had ever spoken ill of the essential characteristics of the American character—charge Mr. W. with having for his *avowed* object the excitement of a hostile spirit between the two countries,—and represent the notice taken in the 'Appeal' of the sins of their Journal, as a *principal* part of the work. These assertions are not more dishonest than their personal attack on Mr. W. is undignified and unfair.

The minor reviews of Great Britain, in noticing the 'Appeal,' have generally avoided every thing like a liberal discussion of its merits, and have been fearful of giving extracts from its contents; but, have under the pretence of a review, repeated their usual *tirade* against the United States, quoting copiously from Mr. Bristed's libellous publication, as a book of unquestionable authority.]

[From the LXVI No. of the Edinburgh Review.]

'ONE great staple of this book is a vehement, and, we really think, an unjust attack on the principles of this Journal. Yet we take part, on the whole, with the author:—and heartily wish him success in the great object of vindicating his country from unmerited aspersions, and trying to make us, in England, ashamed of the vices and defects which he has taken

the trouble to point out in our national character and institutions. In this part of his design we cordially concur—and shall at all times be glad to cooperate. But there is another part of it, and we are sorry to say a principal and avowed part, of which we cannot speak in terms of too strong regret and reprobation—and that is, a design to excite and propagate among his countrymen, a general animosity to the British name, by way of counteracting, or rather revenging, the animosity, which he very erroneously supposes to be generally entertained by the English against them.

‘ That this is, in itself, and under any circumstances, an unworthy, an unwise, and even a criminal object, we think we could demonstrate to the satisfaction of Mr. W. himself, and all his reasonable adherents; but it is better, perhaps, to endeavour, in the first place, to correct the misapprehensions, and dispel the delusions in which this disposition has its foundation, and, at all events, to set them the example of perfect good humour and fairness, in a discussion where the parties perhaps will never be entirely agreed; and where those, who are now to be heard, have the strongest conviction of being injuriously misrepresented. If we felt any soreness, indeed, on the score of this author’s imputations, or had any desire to lessen the just effect of his representations, it would have been enough for us, we believe, to have let them alone. For, without some such help as ours, the work really does not seem calculated to make any great impression in this quarter of the world. It is not only, as the author has candidly observed of it, a very ‘ clumsy book,’ heavily written and abominably printed,—but the only material part of it—the only part about which any body can now be supposed to care very much, either here or in America—is overlaid and buried under a huge mass of historical compilation, which would have little chance of attracting readers at the present moment, even if much better digested than it is in the volume before us.

The substantial question is, what has been the true character and condition of the United States since they became an independent nation,—and what is likely to be their condition in future? And to elucidate this question, the learned author has thought fit to premise about 200 very close printed pages, upon their merits as colonies, and the harsh treatment they then received from the mother country! Of this large historical sketch, we cannot say either that it is very correctly drawn, or very faithfully coloured. It presents us with no connected narrative, or interesting deduction of events—but is, in truth, a mere heap of indigested quotations from common books, of good and of bad authority—inartificially cemented together by a loose and angry commentary. We are not aware, indeed, that there are in this part of the work either any new statements, or any new views or opinions; the facts being mostly taken from Chalmer's Annals, and Burke's European Settlements; and the authorities for the good conduct and ill-treatment of the colonies, being chiefly the Parliamentary Debates and Brougham's Colonial Policy.—But, in good truth, these historical recollections will go but a little way in determining that great practical and most important question, which it is Mr. W.'s intention, as well as ours, to discuss—What are, and what ought to be, the Dispositions of England and America towards each other?—And the general facts as to the origin and colonial history of the latter, in so far as they bear upon this question, really do not admit of much dispute. The most important of their settlements were unquestionably founded by the friends of civil and religious liberty—who, though somewhat precise and puritanical, were, in the main, a sturdy and sagacious race of people, not readily to be cajoled out of the blessings they had sought through so many sacrifices, and ready at all times manfully and resolutely to assert them against all invaders. As to the mother country, again, without claiming for her any romantic tenderness or generosity towards those hardy

offsets, we think we may say, that she oppressed and domineered over them much less than any other modern nation has done over such settlements—that she allowed them, for the most part, liberal charters and constitutions, and was kind enough to leave them very much to themselves;—and although she did manifest, now and then, a disposition to encroach on their privileges, their rights were, on the whole, very tolerably respected—so that they grew up to a state of prosperity, and a familiarity with freedom, in all its divisions, which was not only without parallel in any similar establishment, but probably could not have been attained had they been earlier left to their own guidance and protection. This is all that we ask for England, on a review of her colonial policy, and her conduct before the war; and this, we think, no candid and well-informed person can reasonably refuse her.

As to the war itself, the motives in which it originated, and the spirit in which it was carried on, it cannot now be necessary to say any thing—or, at least, when we say, that having once been begun, we think that it terminated as the friends of justice and liberty must have wished it to terminate, we conceive that Mr. W. can require no other explanation. That this result, however, should have left a soreness upon both sides, and especially on that which had not been soothed by success, is what all men must have expected. But, upon the whole, we firmly believe, that this was far slighter and less durable than has generally been imagined; and was likely very speedily to have been entirely effaced by those ancient recollections of kindness, and kindred which could not fail to recur, and by that still more powerful feeling, to which every day was likely to add strength, of their common interests as *free* and as *commercial* countries, and of the substantial conformity of their national character, and of their sentiments, upon most topics of public and of private right. The healing operation, however, of these causes was unfor-

tunately thwarted and retarded by the heats that rose out of the French revolution, and the new interests and new relations which it appeared for a time to create:—And the hostilities in which we were at last involved with America herself—though the opinions of her people, as well as our own, were deeply divided upon both questions—served still further to embitter the general feeling, and to keep alive the memory of animosities that should not have been so long remembered. At last came peace—and the spirit, but not the prosperity of peace; and the distresses and commercial embarrassments of both countries threw both into bad humour, and unfortunately hurried both into a system of jealous and illiberal policy, by which that bad humour was aggravated, and received an unfortunate direction.

In this exasperated state of the national temper, and, we do think, too much under its influence, Mr. Walsh has thought himself called upon to vindicate his country from the aspersions of English writers; and after arraigning them, generally, of the most incredible ignorance, and atrocious malignity, he proceeds to state, that the *EDINBURGH* and *QUARTERLY* Reviews, in particular, have been incessantly labouring to traduce the character of America, and have lately broken out into such ‘excesses of obloquy,’ as can no longer be endured; and, in particular, that the prospect of a large emigration to the United States has thrown us all into such ‘paroxysms of spite and jealousy,’ that we have engaged in a scheme of systematic defamation that sets truth and consistency alike at defiance. To counteract this nefarious scheme, Mr. W. has taken the field—not so much to refute or to retort—not for the purpose of pointing out our errors, or exposing our unfairness, but, rather, if we understand him aright, of retaliating on us the abuse we have been so long pouring on others. In his preface, accordingly, he fairly avows it to be his intention to act on the offensive—to carry the war into the enemy’s quarters, and to make reprisals up-

on the honour and character of England, in revenge for the insults which, he will have it, her writers have heaped on his country. He therefore proposes to point out 'the sores and blotches of the British nation' to the scorn and detestation of his countrymen; and having assumed, that it is 'the intention of Great Britain to educate her youth in sentiments of the most rancorous hostility to America,' he assures us, that this design 'will and must be met with *corresponding sentiments* on his side of the water.'

Now, though we cannot applaud the generosity, or even the humanity of these sentiments—though we think that the American government and people, if at all deserving of the eulogy which Mr. W. has here bestowed upon them, might, like Cromwell, have felt themselves too strong to care about paper shot—and though we cannot but feel, that a more temperate and candid tone would have carried more weight, as well as more magnanimity with it, we must yet begin by admitting, that America has cause of complaint;—and that nothing can be more despicable and disgusting, than the scurrility with which she has been assailed, by a portion of the press of this country—and that, disgraceful as these publications are, they speak the sense of a powerful and active party in the nation. All this, and more than this, we have no wish, and no intention, to deny. But we do wish most anxiously to impress upon Mr. W. and his adherents, to beware how they believe that this party speaks the sense of the British nation—or that their sentiments on this, or on many other occasions, are in any degree in accordance with those of the body of the people. On the contrary, we are firmly persuaded, that a great majority of the nation, numerically considered, and a still greater majority of the intelligent and enlightened persons, whose influence and authority cannot fail in the long-run to govern her councils, would disclaim all sympathy with any part of these opinions; and actually look on the miserable libels in question, not only with the

scorn and disgust to which Mr. W. would consign them, but with a sense of shame from which his situation fortunately exempts him, and a sorrow and regret of which unfortunately he seems too little susceptible.

It is a fact which can require no proof, even in America, that there is a party in this country not friendly to political liberty, and decidedly hostile to all extension of popular rights,—which, if it does not grudge to its own people the powers and privileges which are bestowed on them by the constitution, is at least for confining their exercise within the narrowest limits—which thinks the peace and well-being of society in no danger from any thing but popular encroachments, and holds the only safe or desirable government to be that of a pretty pure and unincumbered monarchy, supported by a vast revenue and a powerful army, and obeyed by a people just enlightened enough to be orderly and industrious, but no way curious as to questions of right—and never presuming to judge of the conduct of their superiors.

Now, it is quite true that *this party* dislikes America, and is apt enough to decry and insult her. Its adherents never have forgiven the success of her war of independence—the loss of a nominal sovereignty, or perhaps of a real power of vexing and oppressing—her supposed rivalry in trade—and, above all, the happiness and tranquillity which she enjoys under a republican form of government. Such a spectacle of democratical prosperity is unspeakably mortifying to their high monarchical principles, and is easily imagined to be dangerous to their security. Their first wish, and, for a time, their darling hope, was, that the infant States would quarrel among themselves, and be thankful to be again received under our protection, as a refuge from military despotism. Since that hope was lost, it would have satisfied them to find that their republican institutions had made them poor and turbulent and depraved—incapable of civil wisdom, regardless of national honour, and as intractable to their own

elected rulers as they had been to their hereditary sovereign. To those who were capable of such wishes and such expectations, it is easy to conceive, that the happiness and good order of the United States—the wisdom and authority of their government—and the unparalleled rapidity of their progress in wealth, population, and refinement, must have been but an ungrateful spectacle; and most especially, that the splendid and steady success of the freest and most popular form of government that ever was established in the world, must have struck the most lively alarm into the hearts of all those who were anxious to have it believed that the people could never interfere in politics but to their ruin, and that the smallest addition to the democratical influence, recognised in the theory at least of the British constitution, must lead to the immediate destruction of peace and property, morality and religion.

That there are journals in this country, and journals too of great and deserved reputation in other respects, who have spoken the language of the party we have now described, and that in a tone of singular intemperance and offence, we most readily admit. But need we tell Mr. W. or any ordinarily well informed individual of his countrymen, that neither this party nor their journalists can be allowed to stand for the people of England?—that it is notorious that there is among that people another and a far more numerous party, whose sentiments are at all points opposed to those of the former, and who are by necessary consequence, friends to America, and to all that Americans most value in their character and institutions?—who, as Englishmen, are more proud to have great and glorious nations descended from them, than to have discontented colonies uselessly subjected to their caprice— who, as freemen, rejoice to see freedom spreading itself, with giant footsteps, over the fairest regions of the earth, and nations flourishing exactly in proportion as they are free—and to know, that when the drivelling advocates of hierarchy

and legitimacy vent their paltry sophistries with some shadow of plausibility on the history of the Old World, they can turn with decisive triumph, to the unequivocal example of the New—and demonstrate the unspeakable advantages of free government, by the unprecedented prosperity of America? Such persons, too, can be as little suspected of entertaining any jealousy of the commercial prosperity of the Americans, as of their political freedom; since it requires but a very moderate share of understanding to see, that the advantages of trade must always be mutual and reciprocal—that one great trading country is of necessity the best customer to another—and that the trade of America, consisting chiefly in the exportation of raw produce and the importation of manufactured commodities, is, of all others, the most beneficial to a country like England.

That such sentiments were naturally to be expected in a country circumstanced like England, no thinking man will deny. But Mr. Walsh has been himself among us, and was, we have reason to believe, no idle or incurious observer of our men and cities; and we appeal with confidence to him, whether these were not the prevailing sentiments among the intelligent and well educated of every degree! If he thinks as we do, as to their soundness and importance, he must also believe that they will sooner or later influence the conduct even of our court and cabinet. But, in the mean time, the fact is certain, that the opposite sentiments are confined to a very small portion of the people of Great Britain—though now placed unfortunately in a situation to exercise a great influence in her councils—and that the course of events, as well as the force of reason, is every day bringing them more and more into discredit. Where then, we would ask, is the justice or the policy of seeking to render, a quarrel national, when the cause of quarrel is only with an inconsiderable and declining party of its members?—and why labour to excite animosity against a whole people, the majority of whom *must*

be your sincere friends, merely because some prejudiced or interested persons among them have disgusted the great body of their own countrymen, by the senselessness and scurrility, of their attacks upon yours?

The Americans are extremely mistaken, if they suppose that they are the only persons who are abused by the party that does abuse them. They have merely their share, along with all the friends and the advocates of liberty in every part of the world. The constitutionalists of France, including the king and many of his ministers, meet with no better treatment;—and those who hold liberal opinions in this country, are assailed with still greater acrimony and fierceness. Let Mr. Walsh only look to the language held by our ministerial journals, for the last twelvemonth, on the subjects of Reform and Alarm—and observe in what way, not only the whole class of reformers and conciliators, but the names and persons of such men as lords Lansdowne, Grey, Fitzwilliam, and Erskine, sir James Mackintosh, and Messrs. Brougham, Lambton, Tierney, and others, are dealt with by these national oracles,—and he will be satisfied that his countrymen neither stand alone in the misfortune of which he complains so bitterly, nor are subjected to it in very bad company. We, too, he may probably be aware, have had our portion of the abuse which he seems to think reserved for America—and, what is a little remarkable, for being too much her advocate. For what we have said of her present power, and future greatness—her wisdom in peace and her valour in war—and of all the invaluable advantages of her representative system—her freedom from taxes, sinecures, and standing armies—we have been subjected to far more virulent attacks than any of which he now complains for his country—and that from the same party scribblers, with whom we are here, somewhat absurdly, confounded and supposed to be leagued. It is really, we think, some little presumption of our fairness, that the accusations against us

should be thus contradictory—and that for one and the same set of writings, we should be denounced by the ultra-royalists of England as little better than American republicans, and by the ultra-patriots of America, as the jealous defamers of her freedom.

‘ This, however, is of very little consequence. What we wish to impress on Mr. W. is, that they who traduce the largest and ablest part of the English nation, cannot well speak the sense of that nation—and that *their* offences ought not, in reason, to be imputed to her. If there be any reliance on the principles of human nature, the friends of liberty in England must rejoice in the prosperity of America. Every selfish, concurs with every generous motive, to add strength to this sympathy; and if any thing is certain in our late internal history, it is, that the friends of liberty are rapidly increasing among us;—partly from increased intelligence—partly from increased suffering and impatience—partly from conviction, prudence, and fear.

There is another consideration, also arising from the aspect of the times before us, which should go far, we think, at the present moment, to strengthen these bonds of affinity. It is impossible to look to the state of the Old World without seeing, or rather feeling, that there is a greater and more momentous contest impending, than ever before agitated human society. In Germany—in Spain—in France—in Italy, the principles of reform and liberty are visibly arraying themselves for a final struggle with the principles of established abuse,—legitimacy, or tyranny,—or whatever else it is called, by its friends or enemies. Even in England, the more modified elements of the same principles are stirring and heaving, around, above and beneath us, with unprecedented agitation and terror; and every thing betokens an approaching crisis in the great European commonwealth, by the result of which the future character of its governments, and the structure and condition of its society, will in all probability be

determined. The ultimate result, or the course of events that are to lead to it, we have not the presumption to predict. The struggle may be long or transitory—sanguinary or bloodless; and it may end in a great and signal amelioration of all existing institutions, or in the establishment of one vast federation of military despots, domineering as usual in the midst of sensuality, barbarism, and gloom. The issues of all these things are in the hand of Providence and the womb of time; and no human eye can yet foresee the fashion of their accomplishment: But great changes are evidently preparing; and in fifty years—most probably in a far shorter time—some material alterations must have taken place in most of the established governments of Europe, and the rights of the European nations been established on a surer and more durable basis. Half a century cannot pass away in growing discontents on the part of the people, and growing fears and precautions on that of their rulers. Their pretensions *must* at last be put in issue; and abide the settlement of force, or fear, or reason.

Looking back to what has already happened in the world, both recently and in ancient times, we can scarcely doubt that the cause of liberty will be ultimately triumphant. But through what trials and sufferings—what martyrdoms and persecutions is it doomed to work out its triumph—we profess ourselves totally unable to conjecture. The disunion of the lower and the higher classes, which was gradually disappearing with the increasing intelligence of the former, but has lately been renewed by circumstances which we cannot now stop to examine, leads, we must confess, to gloomy auguries as to the character of this contest; and fills us with apprehensions, that it may neither be peaceful nor brief. But in this, and in every other respect, we conceive that much will depend on the part that is taken by America; and on the dispositions which she may have cultivated towards the different parties concerned. Her great and growing wealth and population—her universal commercial relations—her

own impregnable security—and her remoteness from the scene of dissension—must give her prodigious power and influence in such a crisis, either as a mediator or umpire, or, if she take a part, as an auxiliary and ally. That she must wish well to the cause of freedom, it would be indecent to doubt—and that she should take an active part against it, is a thing not even to be imagined:—But she may stand aloof, a cold and disdainful spectator; and, counterfeiting a prudent indifference to scenes that neither can nor ought to be indifferent to her, may see, unmoved, the prolongation of a lamentable contest, which her interference might either have prevented, or brought to a speedy termination. And this course she will most probably follow, if she allows herself to conceive antipathies to nations for the faults of a few calumnious individuals: and especially if, upon grounds so trivial, she should nourish such an animosity towards England, as to feel a repugnance to make common cause with her, even in behalf of their common inheritance of freedom.

Assuredly, there is yet no other country in Europe where the principles of liberty, and the rights and duties of nations, are so well understood as with us—or in which so great a number of men, qualified to write, speak, and act with authority, are at all times ready to take a reasonable, liberal, and practical view of those principles and duties. The government, indeed, has not always been either wise or generous, to its own or to other countries;—but it has partaken, or at least has been controlled by the general spirit of freedom; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the free constitution of England has been a blessing and protection to the remotest nations of Europe for the last 100 years. Had England not been free, the worst despotism in Europe must have been far worse than it is, at this moment. If the world had been parcelled out among arbitrary monarchs, they would have run a race of oppression, and encouraged each other in all sorts of abuses. But the existence of one powerful and

flourishing state, where juster maxims were admitted, has shamed them out of their worst enormities, given countenance and encouragement to the claims of their oppressed subjects, and gradually taught their rulers to understand, that a certain measure of liberty was not only compatible with national greatness and splendour, but essential to its support. In the days of queen Elizabeth, England was the champion and asylum of religious freedom—in those of king William, of national independence. If a less generous spirit has prevailed in her cabinet since the settled predominance of tory principles in her councils, still, the effects of her parliamentary opposition—the artillery of her free press—the voice, in short, of her people, which Mr. W. has so strangely mistaken, have not been without their effects;—and, though some flagrant acts of injustice have stained her recent annals, we still venture to hope, that the dread of the British public is felt as far as Petersburg and Vienna; and would fain indulge ourselves with the belief, that it may yet scare some imperial spoiler from a part of his prey, and lighten, if not break, the chains of many distant captives.

It is in aid of this decaying, perhaps expiring influence—it is as an associate or successor in the noble office of patronizing and protecting general liberty, that we now call upon America to throw from her the memory of all petty differences and nice offences, and to unite herself cordially with the liberal and enlightened part of the English nation, at a season when their joint efforts will in all probability be little enough to crown the good cause with success, and when their disunion will give dreadful advantages to the enemies of all improvement and reform. The *example* of America has already done much for that cause; and the very existence of such a country, under such a government, is a tower of strength, and a standard of encouragement, for all who may hereafter have to struggle for the restoration or the extension of their rights. It shows within what limits popular institutions are safe and

practicable; and what a large infusion of democracy is consistent with the authority of government, and the good order of society. But her *influence*, as well as her example, will be wanted in the crisis which seems to be approaching:—and that influence must be paralyzed and inoperative, if she shall think it a duty to divide herself from England, to look with jealousy upon her proceedings, and to judge unfavourably of all the parties she contains. We do not ask her to think well of *that* party whether in power or out of it, which has always insulted and reviled her, because she is free and independent and democratic and prosperous:—but we do confidently lay claim to her favourable opinion for that great majority of the nation that have always been opposed to this party—which has divided with her the honour of its reproaches, and is bound, by every consideration of interest and duty, consistency and common sense, to maintain her rights and her reputation, and to promote and proclaim her prosperity.

To which of these parties *we* belong, and to which our pen has been devoted, we suppose it is unnecessary for us to announce, even in America;—and therefore, without recapitulating any part of what has just been said, we think we may assume, in the outset, that the charge exhibited against us by Mr. W. is, at least, and on its face, a very unlikely and improbable one—that we are actuated by jealousy and spite towards America, and have joined in a scheme of systematic defamation, in order to diffuse among our countrymen a general sentiment of hostility and dislike to her! Grievous as this charge is, we should scarcely have thought it necessary to reply to it, had not the question appeared to us to relate to something of far higher importance than the character of our Journal, or the justice or injustice of an imputation on the principles of a few anonymous writers. In that case, we should have left the matter, as all the world knows we have uniformly left it in other cases, to be determined by

our readers upon the evidence before them. But Mr. W. has been pleased to do us the honour of identifying us with the great whig party of this country, or, rather, of considering us as the exponents of those who support the principles of liberty—and to think his case sufficiently made out against the nation at large, if he can prove that both the EDINBURGH and the QUARTERLY Review had given proof of deliberate malice and shameful unfairness on the subject of America. Now *this*, it must be admitted, gives the question a magnitude that would not otherwise belong to it; and makes what might in itself be a mere personal or literary altercation, a matter of national moment and concernment. If a sweeping conviction of mean jealousy and rancorous hostility is to be entered up against the whole British nation, and a corresponding spirit to be conjured up in the breast of America, because it is alleged that the Edinburgh Review, as well as the Quarterly, has given proof of such dispositions,—then it becomes a question of no mean or ordinary concernment, to determine whether this charge has been justly brought against that unfortunate Journal, and whether its accuser has made out enough to entitle him to a verdict leading to such consequences.

It will be understood, that we deny altogether the justice of the charge:—But we wish distinctly to say in the beginning, that if it should appear to any one, that in the course of a great deal of hasty writing, by a variety of hands, in the course of twenty long years, some rash or petulant expressions had been admitted, at which the national pride of our transatlantic brethren might be justly offended, we shall most certainly feel no anxiety to justify these expressions,—nor any fear that, with the liberal and reasonable part of the nation to which they relate, our avowal of regret for having employed them, would not be received as a sufficient atonement. Even in private life, and without the provocation of public controversy, there are not many men who, in half the time

we have mentioned, do not say some things to the slight or disparagement of their best friends; which, if all 'set in a notebook, conned and got by rote,' it might be hard to answer:—and yet, among people of any sense or temper, such things never break any squares—and the dispositions are judged of by the general tenor of one's life and conduct, and not by a set of peevish phrases, curiously culled and selected out of his whole conversation. But we really do not think that we shall very much need the benefit of this plain consideration, and shall proceed straightway to our answer.

The sum of it is this—That, in point of fact, we have spoken far more good of America than ill—that in nine instances out of ten, where we have mentioned her, it has been for praise—and that in almost all that is essential or of serious importance, we have spoken *nothing but good*;—while our censures have been wholly confined to matters of inferior note, and generally accompanied with an apology for their existence, and a prediction of their speedy disappearance.

Whatever we have written seriously and with earnestness of America, has been with a view to conciliate towards her the respect and esteem of our own country: and we have scarcely named her, in any deliberate manner, except for the purpose of impressing upon our readers the signal prosperity she has enjoyed—the magical rapidity of her advances in wealth and population—and the extraordinary power and greatness to which she is evidently destined. On these subjects we have held but one language, and one tenor of sentiment; and have never missed an opportunity of enforcing our views on our readers—and that not feebly, coldly or reluctantly, but with all the earnestness and energy that we could command; and we do accordingly take upon us to say, that in no European publication have those views been urged with the same force or frequency, or resumed at every season, and under every change of circumstances, with such steady-

ness and uniformity. We have been equally consistent and equally explicit in pointing out the advantages which that country has derived from the extent of her elective system—the lightness of her public burdens—the freedom of her press—and the independent spirit of her people. The praise of the government is implied in the praise of these institutions; but we have not omitted upon every occasion to testify, in express terms, to its general wisdom, equity, and prudence. Of the character of the people too, in all its more serious aspects, we have spoken with the same undeviating favour; and have always represented them as brave, enterprising, acute, industrious, and patriotic. We need not load our pages with quotations to prove the accuracy of this representation—our whole work is full of them; and Mr. W. himself has quoted enough, both in the outset of his book and in the body of it, to satisfy even such as may take their information from him, that such have always been our opinions. Mr. W. indeed seems to imagine, that other passages, which he has cited, import a contradiction or retractation of these; and that we are thus involved, not only in the guilt of malice, but the awkwardness of inconsistency. Now this, as we take it, is one of the radical and almost unaccountable errors with which the work before us is chargeable. There is no such retractation, and no contradiction. We can of course do no more, on a point like this, than make a distinct asseveration; but, after having perused Mr. W.'s book, and with a pretty correct knowledge of the Review, we do say distinctly, that there is not to be found in either, a single passage inconsistent, or at all at variance with the sentiments to which we have just alluded. We have never spoken but in one way of the prosperity and future greatness of America, and of the importance of cultivating amicable relations with her—never but in one way of the freedom, cheapness, and general wisdom of her government—never but in one way of the bravery, intelligence, activity, and patriotism of

her people. The points on which Mr. W. accuses us of malice and unfairness, all relate, as we shall see immediately, to other and far less considerable matters.

Assuming, then, as we must now do, that upon the subjects that have been specified, our testimony has been eminently and exclusively favourable to America, and that we have never ceased earnestly to recommend the most cordial and friendly relations with her, how, it may be asked, is it *possible* that we should have deserved to be classed among the chief and most malignant of her calumniators, or accused of a design to excite hostility to her in the body of our nation? and even represented as making reciprocal hostility a point of duty in her, by the excesses of our obloquy? For ourselves, we profess to be as little able to answer this question, as the most ignorant of our readers;—but we shall lay before them some account of the proofs on which Mr. W. relies for our condemnation; and cheerfully submit to any sentence they may seem to justify. There are a variety of counts in our indictment; but, in so far as we have been able to collect, the heads of our offending are as follows. *1st*, That we have noticed, with uncharitable and undue severity, the admitted want of indigenious literature in America, and the scarcity of men of genius; *2d*, as an illustration of that charge, That we have laughed too ill-naturedly at the affectations of Joel Barlow's *Columbiad*, made an unfair estimate of the merits of Marshall's *History*, and Adams's *Letters*, and spoken illiberally of the insignificance of certain American *Philosophical Transactions*; *3dly*, That we have represented the manners of the fashionable society of America as less polished and agreeable than those of Europe,—the lower orders as impertinently inquisitive, and the whole as too vain of their country; *4th*, and finally, That we have reproached them bitterly with their negro slavery.

These, we think, are the whole, and certainly they are the chief, of the charges against us; and, before saying any

thing as to the particulars, we should just like to ask, whether, if they were all admitted to be true, they would afford any sufficient grounds, especially when set by the side of the favourable representations we have made with so much more earnestness on points of much more importance, for imputing to their authors, and to the whole body of their countrymen, a systematic design to make America odious and despicable in the eyes of the rest of the world? This charge, we will confess, appears to us most extravagant—and, when, the facts already stated are taken into view, altogether ridiculous. Though we are the friends and well-wishers of the Americans—though we think favourably, and even highly, of many things in their institutions, government and character,—we are not their stipendiary laureates or blind adulators; and must insist on our right to take notice of what we conceive to be their errors and defects, with the same freedom which we use to our own, and all other nations. It has already been shown, that we have by no means confined ourselves to this privilege of censure; and the complaint seems to be, that we should have used it at all. We really do not understand this. We have spoken much more favourably of their government and institutions, than we have done of our own. We have criticised their authors with at least as much indulgence, and spoken of their national character in terms of equal respect. But because we have pointed out certain *undeniable* defects, and laughed at some *indefensible* absurdities, we are accused of the most partial and unfair nationality, and represented as engaged in a conspiracy to bring the whole nation into disrepute! Even if we had the misfortune to differ in opinion with Mr. W., or the majority of his countrymen, on most of the points to which our censure has been directed, instead of having his substantial admission of their justice in most instances, this, it humbly appears to us, would neither be a good ground for questioning our good faith, nor a reasonable occasion for denouncing a general hos-

tility against the country to which we belong. Men may differ conscientiously in their taste in literature and manners, and in their opinions as to the injustice or sinfulness of domestic slavery; and may express their opinions in public, without being actuated by spite or malignity. But a very slight examination of each of the articles of charge, will show still more clearly, upon what slight grounds they have been hazarded, and how much more of spleen than of reason there is in the accusation.

1. Upon the *first* head, Mr. W. neither does, nor can deny, that our statements are perfectly correct. The Americans have scarcely any literature of their own growth—and scarcely any authors of celebrity. The fact is too remarkable, not to have been noticed by all who have had occasion to speak of them;—and we have only to add, that, so far from bringing it forward in an insulting or invidious manner, we have never, we believe, alluded to it without adding such explanations as in candour we thought due, and as were calculated to take from it all shadow of offence. So early as in our third Number, we observed that ‘Literature was one of those *finer manufactures* which a new country will always find it easier to import than to raise;’—and, after showing that the want of leisure and hereditary wealth naturally led to this arrangement, we added, that ‘the Americans had shown abundance of talent, wherever inducements had been held out for its exertion; that their party-pamphlets were written with great keenness and spirit; and that their orators frequently displayed a vehemence, correctness, and animation, that would command the admiration of any European audience.’ Mr. W. has himself quoted the warm testimony we bore in our 12th volume, to the merits of the papers published under the title of *The Federalist*: And in our 16th, we observe, that when America once turned her attention to letters, ‘we had no doubt that her authors would improve and multiply, to a degree that would make all our exertions

necessary to keep the start we have of them.' In a subsequent number, we add the important remark, that 'among them, the men who *write* bear no proportion to those who *read*;' and that, though they have but few native authors, 'the individuals are innumerable who make use of literature to improve their understanding, and add to their happiness.' The very same ideas are expressed in a late article, which seems to have given Mr. W. very great offence—though we can discover nothing in the passage in question, except the liveliness of the style, that can afford room for misconstruction. 'Native literature,' says the reviewer, 'the Americans have none: it is all imported. And why should they write books? when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads?'—Now, what is the true meaning of this, but the following—'The Americans do not write books; but it must not be inferred, from this, that they are ignorant or indifferent about literature.—The true reason is, that they get books enough from us in their own language; and are in this respect, just in the condition of any of our great trading or manufacturing districts at home, where there is no encouragement for *authors* to settle, though there is as much reading and thinking as in other places.' This has all along been our meaning—and we think it has been clearly enough expressed. The Americans, in fact, are at least as great readers as the English, and take off immense editions of all our popular works;—and while we have repeatedly stated the causes that have probably withheld them from becoming authors in great numbers themselves, we confidently deny that we have ever represented them as illiterate, or negligent of learning.

2. As to our particular criticisms on American works, we cannot help feeling that our justification will be altogether as easy as in the case of our general remarks on their rarity. Nothing, indeed, can more strikingly illustrate the unfortunate prejudice or irritation under which Mr. W. has com-

posed this part of his work, than the morose and angry remarks he has made on our very innocent and good-natured critique of Barlow's Columbiad. It is very true that we have laughed at its strange neologisms, and pointed out some of its other manifold faults. But is it possible for any one seriously to believe, that this gentle castigation was dictated by national animosity?—or does Mr. W. really believe, that, if the same work had been published in England, it would have met with a milder treatment? If the book was so bad, however, he insinuates, why take any notice of it, if not to indulge your malignity? To this we answer, *first*, That a handsome quarto of verse, from a country which produces so few, necessarily attracted our attention more strongly than if it had appeared among ourselves; *secondly*, That its faults were of so peculiar and amusing a kind, as to call for animadversion rather than neglect; and, *thirdly*, what no reader of Mr. W.'s remarks would indeed anticipate, That in spite of these faults, the book actually had merits that entitled it to notice, and that a considerable part of our article is accordingly employed in bringing these merits into view. In common candour, we must say, Mr. W. should have acknowledged this fact, when complaining of the illiberal severity with which Mr. Barlow's work had been treated. For, the truth is, that we have given it fully as much praise as he, or any other intelligent American can say it deserves; and have been at some pains in vindicating the author's sentiments from misconstruction, as well as rescuing his beauties from neglect. Yet Mr. W. is pleased to inform his reader, that the work 'seems to have been committed to the Momus of the fraternity for especial diversion;' and is very surly and austere at 'the exquisite jokes' of which he says it consists. We certainly do not mean to dispute with him about the quality of our jokes:—though we take leave to appeal to a gayer critic—or to himself in better humour—from his present sentence of reprobation. But he should have recollected, that, besides stating,

in distinct terms, that, 'his versification was generally both soft and sonorous, and that there were many passages of rich and vigorous description, and some that might lay claim even to the praise of magnificence,' the critics had summed up their observations by saying, 'that the author's talents were evidently respectable; and that, severely as they had been obliged to speak of his taste and his diction, in a great part of the volume, they considered him as a giant in comparison with many of the paltry and puling rhymsters who disgraced our English literature by their occasional success; and that, if he would pay some attention to purity of style and simplicity of composition, they had no doubt that he might produce something which English poets would envy, and English critics applaud.'

Are there any traces here, we would ask, of national spite and hostility?—or is it not true, that our account of the poem is, on the whole, not only fair but favourable, and the tone of our remarks as good-humoured and friendly as if the author had been a wiggish Scotchman? As to 'Marshall's Life of Washington,' we do not think that Mr. W. differs very much from the reviewers. He says, 'he does not mean to affirm that the story of their revolution has been told *absolutely well* by this author;' and we, after complaining of its being cold, heavy, and tedious, have distinctly testified, that 'it displayed industry, good sense, and, in so far as we could judge, laudable impartiality; and that the style, though neither elegant nor impressive, was yet, upon the whole, clear and manly.' Mr. W. however, thinks, that nothing but national spite and illiberality can account for our saying, 'that Mr. M. must not promise himself a reputation commensurate with the *dimensions* of his work;' and 'that what passes with him for dignity, will, by his readers, be pronounced dulness and frigidity.' And then he endeavours to show, that a passage in which we say that 'Mr. Marshall's narrative is *deficient* in *almost* every thing that constitutes his-

torical excellence,' is glaringly inconsistent with the favourable sentence we have transcribed in the beginning; not seeing, or not chusing to see, that in the one place we are speaking of the *literary* merits of the work as an historical *composition*, and in the other of the information it affords. But the question is not, whether our criticism is just and able, or otherwise; but whether it indicates any little spirit of detraction and national rancour—and this, it would seem not very difficult to answer. If we had taken the occasion of this publication to gather together all the foolish and awkward and disreputable things that occurred in the conduct of the revolutionary councils and campaigns, and to make the history of this memorable struggle a vehicle for insinuations against the courage or integrity of many who took part in it, we might, with reason, have been subjected to the censure we now confidently repel. But there is not a word in the article that looks that way; and the only ground for the imputation is, that we have called Mr. Marshall's book dull and honest, accurate and heavy, valuable and tedious, while neither Mr. W., nor any body else, ever thought or said any thing else of it. It is his style only that we object to.—Of his general sentiments—of the conduct and character of his hero—and of the prospects of his country, we speak as the warmest friends of America, and the warmest admirers of American virtue could wish us to speak. We shall add but one short passage as a specimen of the tone of this insolent and illiberal production.

'History has no other example of so happy an issue to a revolution, consummated by a long civil war. Indeed it seems to be very near a maxim in political philosophy, that a free government cannot be obtained where a long employment of military force has been necessary to establish it. In the case of America, however, the military power was, by a rare felicity, disarmed by that very influence which makes a revolutionary army so formidable to liberty. For the images of

grandeur and power—those meteor lights that are exhaled in the stormy atmosphere of a revolution, to allure the ambitious and dazzle the weak—made no impression on the firm and virtuous soul of the American commander.’

As to Adams’s Letters on Silesia, the case is nearly the same. We certainly do not run into extravagant compliments to the author because he happens to be the son of the American president: But he is treated with sufficient courtesy and respect; and Mr. W. cannot well deny, that the book is very fairly rated, according to its intrinsic merits. There is no ridicule, nor any attempt at sneering, throughout the article. The work is described as ‘easy and pleasant, and entertaining,’—as containing some excellent remarks on education,—and indicating, throughout, ‘that settled attachment to freedom which is worked into the constitution of every man of virtue who has the fortune to belong to a free and prosperous community.’ As to the style, we remark, certainly in a very good-natured and inoffensive manner, that ‘though it is remarkably free from those affectations and corruptions of phrase, that overrun the compositions of his country, a few national, perhaps we might still venture to call them provincial, peculiarities, might be detected;’ and then we add, in a style which we do not think can appear impolite even to a minister plenipotentiary, ‘that if men of birth and education in that other England which they are building up in the west, will not diligently study the great authors who fixed and purified the language of our common forefathers, we must soon lose the only badge that is still worn of our consanguinity.’ Unless the Americans are really to set up a new standard of speech, we conceive that these remarks are perfectly just and unanswerable; and we are sure, at all events, that nothing can be farther from a spirit of insult or malevolence.

Our critique on the volume of American Transactions is perhaps more liable to objection; and, on looking back to it,

we at once admit that it contains some petulant and rash expressions which had better have been omitted—and that its general tone is less liberal and courteous than might have been desired. It is remarkable, however, that this, which is by far the most offensive of our discussions on American literature, is one of the earliest, and that the sarcasms with which it is seasoned, have never been repeated—a fact which, with many others, may serve to expose the singular inaccuracy with which Mr. W. has been led, throughout his work, to assert that we began our labours with civility and kindness towards his country, and have only lately changed our tone, and joined its inveterate enemies in all the extravagance of abuse. The substance of our criticism, it does not seem to be disputed, was just—the volume containing very little that was at all interesting, and a good part of it being composed in a style very ill suited for such a publication.

Such are the perversions of our critical office, which Mr. W. can only explain on the supposition of national jealousy and malice. As proofs of an opposite disposition, we beg leave just to refer to our lavish and reiterated praise of the writings of Franklin—to our high and distinguished testimony to the merits of the *Federalist*—to the terms of commendation in which we have spoken of the *Journal of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke*; and, in an especial manner, to the great kindness with which we have treated a certain American pamphlet, published at Philadelphia and London in 1810, and of which we shall have a word to say hereafter,—though each and all of these performances touched much more nearly on subjects of national contention, and were far more apt to provoke feelings of rivalry, than any thing in the *Philosophical Transactions*, or the tuneful pages of the *Columbiad*.

3. We come now to the ticklish chapter of manners; on which, though we have said less than on any other, we suspect we have given more offence—and, if possible, with less reason. We may despatch the lower orders first, before we

come to the people of fashion. The charge here is, that we have unjustly libelled those persons, by saying in one place, that they were too much given to spirituous liquors; in another, that they were rudely inquisitive; and in a third, that they were absurdly vain of their constitution, and offensive in boasting of it. Now, we may have been mistaken in making these imputations; but we find them stated in the narrative of *every* traveller who has visited their country, and most of them noticed by the better writers among themselves. We have noticed them, too, without bitterness or insult, and generally in the words of the authors upon whose authority they are stated. Neither are the imputations themselves very grievous, or as can be thought to bespeak any great malignity in their authors. Their inquisitiveness, and the boast of their freedom, are but excesses of laudable qualities; and intemperance, though it is apt to lead further, is, in itself, a sin rather against prudence than morality. Mr. W. is infinitely offended, too, because we have said that 'the people of the western states are very hospitable to strangers—*because* they are seldom troubled with them, and because they have always plenty of maize and hams;' as if this were not the *rationale* of *all* hospitality among the lower orders throughout the world,—and familiarly applied, among ourselves, to the case of our Highlanders and remote Irish. But slight as these charges are, we may admit that Mr. W. would have had some reason to complain if they had included all that we have ever said of the great bulk of his nation. But the truth is, that we have all along been much more careful to notice their virtues than their faults, and have lost no fair opportunity of speaking well of them. In our 23d number, we have said, 'The great body of the American people is *better educated*, and more comfortably situated, than the bulk of *any* European community; and possesses all the accomplishments that are any where to be found in persons of the same occupation and condition.' And more recently, 'The Americans are about as polished

as 99 out of 100 of our own countrymen, in the upper ranks; and *quite as moral, and well educated, in the lower.* Their virtues are such as we ought to admire; for they are those on which we value ourselves most highly.' We have never said any thing inconsistent with this:—and if this be to libel a whole nation, and to vilify and degrade them in comparison of ourselves, we have certainly been guilty of that enormity.

As for the manners of the upper classes, we have really said very little about them, and can scarcely recollect having given any positive opinion on the subject. We have lately quoted with warm approbation, captain Hall's strong and very respectable testimony to their agreeableness—and certainly have never contradicted it on our own authority. We have made however certain hypothetical and conjectural observations, which, we gather from Mr. W., have given some offence—we must say, we think, very unreasonably. We have said, for example, that 'the Americans are about as polished as 99 in 100 of our own countrymen in the upper ranks.' Is it the reservation of this inconsiderable fraction in our own favour that is resented? Why, our very *seniority*, we think, might have entitled us to this precedence: and we must say that our monarchy—our nobility—our greater proportion of hereditary wealth, and our closer connexion with the old civilized world, might have justified a higher per-centage. But we will not dispute with Mr. W. even upon this point. Let him set down the fraction, if he pleases, to the score merely of our national partiality;—and he must estimate that element very far indeed below its ordinary standard, if he does not find it sufficient to account for it without the supposition of intended insult or malignity. Was there ever any great nation that did not prefer its own manners to those of any of its neighbours?—or can Mr. W. produce another instance in which it allowed that a rival came so near as to be within one hundredth of its own excellence?

But there is still something worse than this. Understanding that the most considerable persons in the chief cities of America, were their opulent merchants, we conjectured that their society was probably much of the same description with that of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow:—And does Mr. W. really think there is any disparagement in this?—Does he not know that these places have been graced, for generations, by some of the most deserving and enlightened citizens, and some of the most learned and accomplished men that have ever adorned our nation? Does he not know that Adam Smith, and Reid and Miller, spent their happiest days in Glasgow; that Roscoe and Currie illustrated the society of Liverpool—and Priestley and Ferriar and Darwin that of Manchester? The wealth and skill and enterprise of all the places is equally indisputable—and we confess we are yet to learn in which of the elements of respectability they can be imagined to be inferior to New York, or Baltimore, or Philadelphia.

But there is yet another passage in the Review which Mr. W. has quoted as insulting and vituperative—for such a construction of which we confess ourselves still less able to divine a reason. It is part of an honest and very earnest attempt to overcome the high monarchical prejudices of a part of our own country against the Americans, and notices this objection to their manners only collaterally and hypothetically. Mr. W. needs not be told that all courtiers and zealots of monarchy impute rudeness and vulgarity to republicans. The French used to describe an inelegant person as having ‘*Les manieres d’un Suisse, En Hollande civilise;*’—and the court faction among ourselves did not omit this reproach when we went to war with the Americans. To expose the absurdity of such an attack, we expressed ourselves in 1814 as follows:

‘The complaint respecting America is, that there are no people of fashion,—that their column still wants its Corin-

thian capital, or, in other words, that those who are rich and idle, have not yet existed so long, or in such numbers, as to have brought to full perfection that system of ingenious trifling and elegant dissipation, by means of which it has been discovered that wealth and leisure may be most agreeably disposed of. Admitting the fact to be so, and in a country where there is no court, no nobility, and no monument or tradition of chivalrous usages,—and where, moreover, the greatest number of those who are rich and powerful have raised themselves to that eminence by mercantile industry, we really do not see how it could well be otherwise; we could still submit, that this is no lawful cause either for national contempt or for national hostility. It is a peculiarity in the structure of society among that people, which, we take it, can only give offence to their visiting acquaintance; and, while it does us no sort of harm while it subsists, promises, we think, very soon to disappear altogether, and no longer to afflict even our imagination. The number of individuals born to the enjoyment of hereditary wealth is, or at least was, daily increasing in that country; and it is impossible that their multiplication (with all the models of European refinement before them, and all the advantages resulting from a free government and a general system of a good education) should fail, within a very short period, to give birth to a *better tone of conversation and society, and to manners more dignified and refined*. Unless we are very much misinformed, indeed, *the symptoms* of such a change may already be traced in their cities. Their youths of fortune already travel over all the countries of Europe for their improvement; and specimens are occasionally met with, even in these islands, which, with all our prejudices, we must admit, would do no discredit to the best blood of the land from which they originally sprung.'

Now, is there really any matter of offence in this?—In the first place, is it not substantially true?—in the next place, is

it not mildly and respectfully stated? Is it not true, that the greater part of those who compose the higher society of the American cities, have raised themselves to opulence by commercial pursuits?—and is it to be imagined that, in America alone, this is not to produce its usual effects upon the style and tone of society? As families become old, and hereditary wealth comes to be the portion of many, it cannot but happen that a change of manners will take place;—and is it an insult to suppose that this change will be an improvement? Surely they cannot be *perfect*, both as they are, and as they are to be; and, while it seems impossible to doubt that a considerable change is inevitable, the offence seems to be, that it is expected to be for the better! It is impossible, we think, that Mr. W. can seriously imagine that the manners of any country upon earth can be so dignified and refined—or their tone of conversation and society so good, when the most figuring persons come into company from the desk and the counting-house, as when they pass only from one assembly to another, and have had no other study or employment from their youth up, than to render society agreeable, and to cultivate all those talents and manners which give its charm to polite conversation. If there are any persons in America who seriously dispute the accuracy of these opinions, we are pretty confident that they will turn out to be those whom the rest of the country would refer to in illustration of their truth. The truly polite, we are persuaded, will admit the case to be pretty much as we have stated it. The upstarts alone will contend for their present perfection. If we have really been so unfortunate as to give any offence by our observations, we suspect that offence will be greater at New Orleans than at New York,—and not quite so slight at New York as at Philadelphia.

But we have no desire to pursue this topic any further—nor any interest indeed to convince those who may not be already satisfied. If Mr. W. really thinks us wrong in the

opinions we have now expressed, we are willing for the present to be thought so: But surely we have said enough to show that we had plausible grounds for those opinions; and surely, if we did entertain them, it was impossible to express them in a manner less offensive. We did not even recur to the topic spontaneously—but occasionally took it up in a controversy on behalf of America, with a party of our own countrymen. What we said was not addressed *to* America—but said *of* her; and, most indisputably, with friendly intentions to the people of both countries.

But we have dwelt too long on this subject. The manners of fashionable life, and the rivalry of *bon ton* between one country and another, is, after all, but a poor affair to occupy the attention of philosophers, or affect the peace of nations.—Of what real consequence is it to the happiness or glory of a country, how a few thousand idle people—probably neither very virtuous nor very useful—pass their time, or divert the ennui of their inactivity?—And men must really have a great propensity to hate each other, when it is thought a reasonable ground of quarrel, that the rich *desœuvres* of one country are accused of not knowing how to get through their day so cleverly as those of another. Manners alter from age to age and from country to country; and much is at all times arbitrary and conventional in that which is esteemed the best. What pleases and amuses each people the most, is the best for that people: And, where states are tolerably equal in power and wealth, a great and irreconcilable diversity is often maintained with suitable arrogance and inflexibility, and no common standard recognised or dreamed of. The *bon ton* of Pekin has no sort of affinity, we suppose, with the *bon ton* of Paris—and that of Constantinople but little resemblance to either. The difference, to be sure, is not so complete within the limits of Europe; but it is sufficiently great, to show the folly of being dogmatical or intolerant upon a subject so incapable of being reduced to principle.

The French accuse us of coldness and formality, and we accuse them of monkey tricks and impertinence. The good company of Rome would be much at a loss for amusement at Amsterdam; and that of Brussels at Madrid. The manners of America, then, are probably the best for America: But, for that very reason, they are not the best for us: And when we hinted that they probably might be improved, we spoke with reference to the European standard, and to the feelings and judgment of strangers, to whom that standard alone was familiar. When their circumstances, and the structure of their society, come to be more like those of Europe, their manners will be more like—and they will suit better with those altered circumstances. When the fabric has reached its utmost elevation, the Corinthian capital may be added: For the present, the Doric is perhaps more suitable; and, if the style be kept pure, we are certain it will be equally graceful.

4. It only remains to notice what is said with regard to Negro slavery;—and on this we shall be very short. We have no doubt spoken very warmly on the subject in one of our late numbers;—but Mr. W. must have read what we there said with a jaundiced eye indeed, if he did not see that our warmth proceeded, not from any animosity against the people among whom this miserable institution existed, but against the institution itself—and was mainly excited by the contrast that it presented to the freedom and prosperity upon which it was so strangely engrafted;—thus appearing

——‘Like a stain upon a Vestal’s robe,
The worse for what it soils.’——

Accordingly we do not call upon other nations to hate and despise America for this practice; but upon *the Americans themselves* to wipe away this foul blot from their character. We have a hundred times used the same language to our own countrymen—and repeatedly on the subject of the slave

trade;—and Mr. W. cannot be ignorant, that many pious and excellent citizens of his own country have expressed themselves in similar terms with regard to this very institution. As to his recriminations on England, we shall explain to Mr. W. immediately, that they have no bearing on the question between us; and, though nobody can regret more than we do the domestic slavery of our West India islands, it is quite absurd to represent the difficulties of the abolition as at all parallel in the case of America. It seems to be pretty clearly made out, that, without slaves, those islands could not be maintained; and, independent of private interests, the trade of England cannot afford to part with them. But will any body pretend to say, that the great and comparatively temperate regions over which the American slavery extends, would be deserted, if all their inhabitants were free—or even that they would be permanently less populous or less productive? We are perfectly aware, that a sudden or immediate emancipation of all those who are now in slavery, might be attended with frightful disorders, as well as intolerable losses; and, accordingly, we have no where recommended any such measure: But we must repeat, that it is a crime and a shame, that the freest nation on the earth should keep a million and a half of fellow creatures in chains, within the very territory and sanctuary of their freedom, and should see them multiplying, from day to day, without thinking of any provision for their ultimate liberation. When we say this, we are far from doubting that there are many amiable and excellent individuals among the slave proprietors. There were many such among the importers of slaves in our West Indies; yet, it is not the less true, that that accursed traffic was a crime—and it was so called in the most emphatic language, and with general assent, year after year in parliament, without any one ever imagining that this imported a personal attack on those individuals, far less a blot upon the nation which tolerated and legalized their proceedings.

Before leaving this topic, we have to thank Mr. W. for a great deal of curious, and, to us, original information, as to the history of the American slave trade, and the measures pursued by the different states with regard to the institution of slavery; from which we learn, among other things, that, so early as 1767, the legislature of Massachusetts brought in a bill for prohibiting the importation of negroes into that province, which was rejected by the British governor, in consequence of express instructions;—and another in 1774 shared the same fate. We learn also, that, in 1770, two years *before* the decision in the case of Somerset in England, the courts of the same distinguished province decided, upon solemn argument, that no person could be held in slavery within their jurisdiction; and awarded not only their freedom, but wages for their past services, to a variety of Negro suitors. These, indeed, are fair subjects of pride and exultation; and we hail them, without grudging, as bright trophies in the annals of the states to which they relate. But do not *their* glories cast a deeper shade on those who have refused to follow the example—and may we not now be allowed to speak of the guilt and unlawfulness of slavery, as their own countrymen are praised and boasted of for having spoken, so many years ago.

We learn also from Mr. W., that Virginia abolished the foreign slave trade so early as 1778—Pennsylvania in 1780—Massachusetts in 1787—and Connecticut and Rhode Island in 1788. It was finally interdicted by the general congress in 1794; and made punishable as a crime, seven years before that measure was adopted in England. We have great pleasure in stating these facts. But they all appear to us not only incongruous with the permanent existence of slavery, but as indicating those very feelings with regard to it which we have been so severely blamed for expressing.

We here close our answer to Mr. W.'s charges. Our readers, we fear, have been for some time tired of it: and,

indeed, we have felt all along, that there was something absurd in answering gravely to such an accusation. If any regular reader of our Review could be of opinion that we were hostile to America, and desirous of fomenting hostility between her and this country, we could scarcely hope that he would change that opinion for any thing we have now been saying. But Mr. W.'s book may fall into the hands of many, in his own country at least, to whom our writings are but little known; and the imputations it contains may become known to many who never inquire into their grounds; on such persons, the statements we have now made may produce some impression—and the spirit in which they are made perhaps still more. Our labour will not have been in vain, if there are any that rise up from the perusal of these pages with a better opinion of their transatlantic brethren, and an increased desire to live with them in friendship and peace.

There still remains behind, a fair moiety of Mr. W.'s book; containing his recriminations on England—his exposition of 'her sores and blotches'—and his retort courteous for all the abuse which her writers have been pouring on his country for the last hundred years. The task, we should think, must have been rather an afflicting one to a man of much moral sensibility;—but it is gone through very resolutely, and with marvellous industry. The learned author has not only ransacked forgotten histories and files of old newspapers in search of disreputable transactions and degrading crimes—but has groped for the materials of our dishonour, among the filth of Dr. Colquhoun's Collections, and the Reports of our Prison and Police committees—culled vituperative exaggerations from the record of angry debates—and produced as incontrovertible evidence of the excess of our guilt and misery, the fervid declamations of moralists exhorting to amendment, or of satirists endeavouring to deter from vice. Provincial misgovernment from Ireland to Hindostan—cruel amusements—increasing pauperism—disgusting brutality—

shameful ignorance—perversion of law—grinding taxation—brutal debauchery, and many other traits equally attractive, are all heaped together, as the characteristics of English society; and unsparingly illustrated by ‘loose extracts from English Journals,’—quotations from Espriella’s Letters—and selections from the Parliamentary Debates. Accustomed, as we have long been, to mark the vices and miseries of our countrymen, we really cannot say that we recognise any likeness in this distorted representation, which exhibits our fair England as one great Lazar-house of moral and intellectual disease—one hideous and bloated mass of sin and suffering—one festering heap of corruption, infecting the wholesome air which breathes upon it, and diffusing all around the contagion and the terror of its example.

We have no desire whatever to *argue* against the truth or the justice of this picture of our country; which we can assure Mr. W. we contemplate with perfect calmness and equanimity: but we are tempted to set against it the judgment of another foreigner, with whom he cannot complain of being confronted, and whose authority at this moment stands higher, perhaps with the whole civilized world, than that of any other individual. We allude to madame de Stael—and to the splendid testimony she has borne to the character and happiness of the English nation, in her last admirable book on the revolution of her own country. But we have spoken of this work so lately, in our number for September, 1818, that we shall not now recal the attention of our readers to it, further than by this general reference. We rather wish to lay before them an *American* authority.

In a work of great merit, entitled, ‘A letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government,’ published at Philadelphia in 1810, and which attracted much notice, both there and in this country, the author, in a strain of great eloquence and powerful reasoning, exhorts his country to make common cause with England in the great struggle in which

she was then engaged with the giant power of Bonaparte, and points out the many circumstances in the character and condition of the two countries that invited them to a cordial alliance. He was well aware, too, of the distinction we have endeavoured to point out, between the court or the tory rulers of the state, and the body of our people: and, after observing that the American government, by following his councils, might retrieve the character of their country, he adds, 'They will, I am quite sure, be seconded by an entire correspondence of feeling, not only on our part, but on that of the PEOPLE of England—whatever may be the narrow policy, or illiberal prejudices of the BRITISH MINISTRY;'—and, in the body of his work, he gives an ample and glowing description of the character and condition of that England of which we have just seen so lamentable a representation. The whole passage is too long for insertion; but the following extracts will afford a sufficient specimen of its tone and tenor.

'A peculiarly masculine character, and the utmost energy of feeling are communicated to all orders of men,—by the abundance which prevails so universally,—the consciousness of equal rights,—the fullness of power and fame to which the nation has attained,—and the beauty and robustness of the species under a climate highly favourable to the animal economy. The dignity of the rich is without insolence,—the subordination of the poor without servility. Their freedom is well guarded both from the dangers of popular licentiousness, and from the encroachments of authority.—Their national pride leads to national sympathy, and is built upon the most legitimate of all foundations—a sense of preeminent merit and a body of illustrious annals.

'Whatever may be the representations of those who, with little knowledge of facts, and still less soundness or impartiality of judgment, affect to deplore the condition of England,—it is nevertheless true, that there does not exist, and never has existed elsewhere so beautiful and perfect a model of

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public and private prosperity,—so magnificent, and at the same time, so solid a fabric of social happiness and national grandeur. *I pay this just tribute of admiration with the more pleasure, as it is to me in the light of an atonement for the errors and prejudices, under which I laboured on this subject, before I enjoyed the advantage of a personal experience.* A residence of nearly two years in that country,—during which period, I visited and studied almost every part of it,—with no other view or pursuit than that of obtaining correct information, and, I may add, with previous studies well fitted to promote my object,—convinced me that I had been egregiously deceived.—I saw no instances of individual oppression, and scarcely any individual misery but that which belongs, under any circumstances of our being, to the infirmity of all human institutions.’—

‘The agriculture of England is confessedly superior to that of any other part of the world, and the condition of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil, incontestibly preferable to that of the same class in any other section of Europe. An inexhaustible source of admiration and delight is found in the unrivalled beauty, as well as richness and fruitfulness of their husbandry; the effects of which are heightened by the magnificent parks and noble mansions of the opulent proprietors: by picturesque gardens upon the largest scale, and disposed with the most exquisite taste: and by gothic remains no less admirable in their structure than venerable for their antiquity. The neat cottage, the substantial farm-house, the splendid villa, are constantly rising to the sight, surrounded by the most choice and poetical attributes of the landscape. The vision is not more delightfully recreated by the rural scenery; than the moral sense is gratified, and the understanding elevated by the institutions of this great country. The first and continued exclamation of an American who contemplates them with unbiassed judgment, is—

Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum.

‘ It appears something *not less than impious to desire the ruin of this people*, when you view the height to which they have carried the comforts, the knowledge, and the virtue of our species: the extent and number of their foundations of charity: their skill in the mechanic arts, by the improvement of which alone, they have conferred inestimable benefits on mankind; the masculine morality, the lofty sense of independence, the sober and rational piety which are found in all classes; their impartial, decorous, and able administration of a code of laws, than which none more just and perfect has ever been in operation; their seminaries of education, yielding more solid and profitable instruction than any other whatever; their eminence in literature and science—the urbanity and learning of their privileged orders—their deliberative assemblies, illustrated by so many profound statesmen, and brilliant orators. *It is worse than ingratitude in us not to sympathise with them in their present struggle, when we recollect that it is from them we derive the principal merit of our own CHARACTER—the best of our own institutions—the sources of our highest enjoyments—and the light of freedom itself, which, if they should be destroyed, will not long shed its radiance over this country.*’

What will Mr. Walsh say to this picture of the country he has so laboured to degrade?—and what will our readers say, when they are told that MR. WALSH HIMSELF is the author of this picture!

So, however, the fact unquestionably stands. The book from which we have made the preceding extracts, was written and published in 1810, by the very same individual who has now recriminated upon England in the volume which lies before us,—and in which he is pleased to speak with extreme severity of the *inconsistencies* he has detected in our Review!—That some discordant or irreconcilable opinions

should be found in the miscellaneous writings of twenty years, and thirty or forty individuals under no effective control, may easily be imagined, and pardoned, we should think, without any great stretch of liberality. But such a transmutation of sentiments on the same identical subject—such a reversal of the poles of the same identical head, we confess has never before come under our observation; and is parallel to nothing that we can recollect, but the memorable transformation of *Bottom*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Nine years, to be sure, had intervened between the first and the second publication. But all the guilt and all the misery which is so diligently developed in the last, had been contracted before the first was thought of; and all the injuries, and provocations too, by which the exposition of them has lately become a duty. Mr. W. knew perfectly, in 1810, how England had behaved to her American colonies before the war of independence, and in what spirit she had begun and carried on that war:—our poor rates and taxes, our bull-baitings and swindlings, were then nearly as visible as now. Mr. Colquhoun had, before that time, put forth his *Political Estimate* of our prostitutes and pickpockets; and the worthy laureate his authentic *Letters* on the bad state of our parliaments and manufactures. Nay, the *EDINBURGH REVIEW* had committed the worst of those offences which now make hatred to England the duty of all true Americans, and had expressed little of that zeal for her friendship which appears in its subsequent numbers. The reviews of the *American Transactions*, and Mr. Barlow's *Epic*, of *Adams's Letters*, and *Marshal's History*, had all appeared before this time—and but very few of the articles in which the future greatness of that country is predicted, and her singular prosperity extolled.

(To be Continued.)

ART. IV. *Miscellaneous Articles.*

Extracts from Rocca's Memoirs of the War in Spain.

March of the French Army.—

We traversed France as if it had been a land newly conquered and subjected to our arms. The emperor Napoleon had ordered that his soldiers should be well received and feasted every where; deputations came to compliment us at the gates of his good cities. The officers and soldiers were conducted immediately on their arrival to sumptuous banquets prepared beforehand, and on our departure, the magistrates thanked us again that we had deigned to spend in one day many weeks' private revenues of their municipal chests. The soldiers of the grand army did not lose in France the habit they had contracted in Germany, of now and then maltreating the citizens or peasants with whom they lodged. The allied auxiliaries, in particular, would not comprehend why they were not to behave in France as in an enemy's country: they said it must be the custom, as the French troops had not behaved otherwise to them in Germany and in Poland. The inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed, suffered all patiently, till the armed torrent was drained off. Our troops were composed, besides the French, of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, and even Irish and Mamelukes; these strangers were all dressed in their national uniforms, and spoke their own languages; but, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of manners, which raise barriers between nations, military discipline easily united them all under the powerful hand of one; all these men wore the same cockade, and they had but one shout of war, and one cry to rally.

We crossed the Seine at Paris, the Loire at Saumur, the Garonne at Bordeaux; there, for the first time since we left Prussia, we enjoyed a

few days of rest, while the rest of the army was employed in gaining the other bank of the river. We next traversed the uncultivated tract between Bordeaux and Bayonne. In these solitary plains, as in the moors of Prussia and Poland, the sandy soil no longer resounded under the horses' feet, the regular and accelerated noise of their iron-shod hoofs no longer served to renew their ardour. Vast forests of pine and of cork bound the horizon at an immense distance; one sees at long intervals single shepherds, clad in black sheep-skins, mounted on stilts six or seven feet high, and leaning on a long pole; they remain motionless on the same spot, without ever losing sight of their flocks, which feed around them on the heath. When the Emperor Napoleon crossed these wide plains, the poverty of the country did not permit it to furnish the usual horse guard of honour: he was escorted by a detachment of these shepherds, who, with their tall stilts, kept pace through the sand with the horses at full trot.

Some leagues beyond Bayonne we reached the Bidassoa, a rivulet which bounds France in the Pyrenees. As soon as one sets foot in the Spanish territory, one perceives a sensible difference in the aspect of the country, and in the manners of the inhabitants. The narrow crooked streets of the towns, the grated windows, the doors of the houses always carefully shut, the severe and reserved air of the inhabitants of all classes, the distrust which was generally shown towards us, increased the involuntary melancholy which seized us on our entrance into Spain.

We saw the Emperor Napoleon pass before he arrived at Vittoria; he was on horseback; the simplicity of his green uniform distinguished him amidst the richly clothed generals who surrounded him; he waved

his hand to every individual officer, as he passed, seeming to say—I rely on you. The French and the Spaniards were gathered in crowds on his way; the first regarded him as the fortune of the whole army: the Spaniards seemed willing to read in his aspect and behaviour the fate of their unhappy country.

Progress through Spain.—On the 15th of November, our brigade of hussars went to Lerma, to join the corps of Marshal Ney, to which it thenceforth remained provisionally attached. On the 16th, Marshal Ney's corps went from Lerma to Aranda; the inhabitants always abandoned their dwellings at our approach, carrying with them into their mountain-retreats all their most precious possessions; the solitude and the desolation, which victorious armies commonly leave behind them, seemed to precede us wherever we came.

In approaching the deserted towns and villages of Castile, we no longer saw those clouds of smoke, which, constantly rising through the air, form a second atmosphere over inhabited and populous cities. Instead of living sounds and continual rumours, we heard nothing within the circles of their walls but the passing bells, which our arrival could not suspend, or the croaking of the ravens hovering round the high bell-fries. The houses, now empty, served only to re-echo tardily and discordantly the deep sounds of the drum, or the shrill notes of the trumpet.

Lodgings were quickly distributed;—every regiment occupied a ward, every company a street, according to the size of the town; a very short time after our entry, the soldiers were established in their new dwellings, as if they had come to found a colony. This warlike and transitory population gave new names to the places it occupied—they talked of the *Dragoon-ward*; *Such a company's-street*; *Our gene-*

ral's house; *the main-guard's square*, or *parade-place*.—Often on the walls of a convent might be read, written with charcoal, *barracks of such a battalion*. From the cell of a deserted cloister hung a sign with a French inscription, bearing the mane of one of the first cooks in Paris; he was a victualler, who had hastened to set up his ambulatory tavern in that spot.

When the army arrived late at night in the place where it was to rest, it was impossible to distribute the quarters with regularity, and we lodged *militarily*; that is to say, promiscuously and without observing any order, wherever we could find room. As soon as the main guard was posted, at a concerted signal the soldiers left the ranks, and precipitated themselves all together tumultuously, like a torrent, through the city, and long after the arrival of the army, shrieks were still heard, and the noise of doors broken open with hatchets or great stones. Some of the grenadiers found out a method, as quick as efficacious, to force such doors as obstinately resisted; they fired point blank into the key-holes of the locks, and thus rendered vain the precautions of the inhabitants, who always carefully locked up their houses before they fled, at our approach, to the mountains. On the morning of the 20th, Marshal Ney's corps left Aranda; for two days we continued to march up the banks of the Douro, having no news of the enemy, and not meeting any where a living creature.

The army stopped very late at night near deserted towns or villages, and on our arrival, we generally found ourselves in absolute want of every thing; but the soldiers soon dispersed on all sides to forage, and in less than an hour they collected, at the bivouac, all that yet remained in the neighbouring villages.

Around large fires, lighted at intervals, all the implements of military cookery were seen. Here they

were busy constructing in haste, barracks of plank covered with leaves for want of straw; there they were erecting tents, by stretching across four stakes such pieces of stuff as had been found in the deserted houses. The ground was strewn up and down with the skins of the sheep just slain, guitars, pitchers, bladders of wine, the cowls of monks, clothes of every form and colour; here the cavalry under arms were sleeping by the side of their horses, farther on a few of the infantry, dressed in women's clothes, were dancing grotesquely among piles of arms to the sound of discordant music.

The moment the army departed, the peasants descended from the neighbouring heights, and started up on every hand, as if out of the bosom of the earth, from their hiding-places. They hastened back to their dwellings. Our soldiers could neither go off the roads nor lag behind the columns, without exposing themselves to being assassinated by the peasants of the mountains, and we dared not, as in Germany, place detached patrols, or send our sick by themselves to the hospitals. The foot soldiers, who could no longer bear the march, followed their divisions on asses; they held their long muskets in their left hands, and in their right their bayonets, which they used as goads. These pacific animals, like the untamed Numidian steeds of former times, had neither bridles nor saddles.

Madrid after the capitulation.—After the review we took the road towards Madrid. A melancholy silence had succeeded to the noisy and tumultuous agitation which had reigned only the day before, both within and without the walls of that capital. The streets by which we entered were deserted, and in the public places, even the numerous shops for eatables had not been reopened. The water-carriers were

the only inhabitants who had not interrupted their customary employ. They walked along calling, with the slow nasal accent of their native mountains of Galicia, *Quien quiere agua?* Nobody appeared to buy; the aguador from time to time ruefully answered himself *Dios que la da*, and began his cry again.

As we advanced towards the centre of Madrid, we saw a few groups of Spaniards standing upright, wrapped in their great cloaks, at the corners of a place where they were formerly used to assemble in great numbers. They looked at us with a melancholy and dejected air; their national pride was so great, that they could hardly persuade themselves that soldiers not born Spaniards could have beaten Spaniards. When, by chance, they discovered among our ranks a horse, taken from the enemy's cavalry, and ridden by one of our hussars, they immediately knew him by his paces, they roused themselves from their stupor, and said to each other. *Este caballo es Espanol*; as if he had been the only cause of our success.

We only passed through Madrid; our regiment being quartered sixteen days at Cevolla, not far from the banks of the Tagus, near Talavera; after which it returned, on the 19th December, to form a part of the garrison of Madrid. The inhabitants of the capital and its neighbourhood had recovered from their great astonishment. By degrees they had become accustomed to the sight of the French. The army observed the strictest discipline; and, at least in appearance, tranquillity was as well established as during a time of peace.

Before entering Madrid by the Toledo gate, the Mancanares is crossed by a superb stone bridge, sufficiently broad for four carriages to pass abreast with ease. The length of this bridge, and the number and height of its arches, would make one believe at first sight that

it was built over a wide river; yet the Mancanares, exhausted by daily consumption, scarcely flows, and in some places is lost in the sand of its bed. The immense bridges, so frequently met with in Spain, and other southern and mountainous countries, are necessary, because the smallest stream, increased by a sudden influx, is sometimes instantaneously transformed into an impetuous torrent.

There exists in Spain a nobility of cities as well as of men. The Spaniards preserve so much respect for their old institutions, that their capital still bears the name of *Villa*, or country-town, whereas some poor villagers pride themselves on that of *Ciudad*, or city, either because they have received this title and the privileges attached to it, as the reward of some great proofs of devotion to their country or sovereign, or inherited it from the ruined towns upon which they themselves are founded. When a Spaniard is asked where he was born, he answers, I am the son of such a town; and this expression, which intimately identifies him with the place of his birth, causes him to attach the more value to the dignity of his native city. Madrid contains no Roman or Moorish monuments; before Charles V. it was but a country-residence, or *sitio*, where the court passed a few months in the year, as in our days at Aranjuez, the Escorial, and St. Ildefonso.

One is astonished on entering Madrid by the gate of Toledo and the place of Cenada, where the market is held early in the morning, at the tumultuous concourse of people from the country and the provinces, diversely clothed, going, coming, arriving, and departing. Here a Castilian gathers up the ample folds of his cloak with the dignity of a Roman senator, wrapt in his toga. There a drover from La Manch, with a long goad in his hand, and clad in a kelt of hide, which also resembles the ancient form of the tunick worn by the Roman and Gothick warriors.

Farther on are seen men whose hair is bound with long silken fillets, and others wearing a sort of short brown vest, chequered with blue and red, which reminds one of a Moresco garb. The men who wear this habit come from Andalusia; they are distinguished by their black lively eyes, their expressive and animated looks, and the rapidity of their utterance. Women sitting in the corners of the streets and in the public places, are occupied preparing food for this passing crowd, whose homes are not in Madrid.

One sees long strings of mules laden with skins of wine or of oil, or droves of asses led by a single man, who talks to them unceasingly. One also meets carriages drawn by eight or ten mules, ornamented with little bells, driven with surprising address by one coachman, either on the trot, or galloping, without reins, and by means of his voice only, using the wildest cries. One long sharp whistle serves to stop all the mules at the same moment. By their slender legs, their tall stature, their proudly raised heads, one would take them for teams of stags or elks. The vociferations of the drivers and muleteers, the ringing of the church bells, which is unceasing, the various vesture of the men, the superabundance of southern activity, manifested by expressive gestures or shouts in a sonorous language of which we were ignorant, manners so different from our own, all contributed to make the appearance of the capital of Spain strange to men coming from the north, where all goes on so silently. We were so much the more struck with it, as Madrid was the first great town we had found peopled since our entry into Spain.

The inhabitants even of Madrid have all a grave deportment and a measured walk. They wear, as I have already said, large dark-coloured cloaks. The women are in black, and a large black veil covers almost entirely their head and shoul-

ders, which gave rise to the saying among the French soldiers, during the first part of their stay in Madrid, that the city was peopled only by priests and nuns. The women are generally short: they are remarkable rather for the grace and elegance of their figure, than the regularity of their features. Their step is bold and quick, the covering of their feet elegant. A Spanish woman never walks out without her *basquinna* and *mantilla*. The *basquinna* is a black silk or woollen gown made to fit close: the *mantilla* is a large black veil which covers the head and shoulders, and sometimes hides all the face except the eyes and nose. This part of the dress sets off still more the paleness of their complexion and the brilliancy of their eyes. The young women occasionally replace their *mantilla* by an inclination of the head and an easy jerk of the right shoulder and arm. This very graceful motion furnishes them with the opportunity of directing, as if by chance, a look at those who pass or stand by them. The Spanish women keep themselves almost always at home, seated behind their grated balconies. They thence observe all who pass, without being seen, and in the evening listen to guitars, and to tender complaints skilfully expressed in songs. Their rest is sometimes disturbed by the contentions of lovers, who walk under their windows in the narrow streets.

At the hour of the *siesta*, especially in summer, during the heat of the day, all these noises were suspended, the whole city was asleep, and the streets only re-echoed to the trampling of the horses of our corps of cavalry, going their rounds, or the drum of a solitary detachment mounting guard. This same French drum had beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Rome, and in almost every town in Europe, from Königsberg to Madrid, where we then were.

Before the French began to mix

indiscriminately with the population of the city, the inhabitants, male and female, as soon as the evening bell announced the Ave Maria, fell on their knees in the houses, the squares, and even in the middle of the streets; the tumult of life was on a sudden suspended, as if this extensive capital, in which a whole people repeated simultaneously the same prayer, had been for some minutes transformed into one vast temple.

Our regiment remaining almost a month in the capital of Spain, I was quartered on an old man of illustrious name, who lived alone with his daughter. He went regularly twice a day to mass, and once to the place Del Sol, to learn the news. He sat down as soon as he came in, in a parlour where he passed his days doing nothing. Sometimes he lighted his segar, and dissipated his cares and his thoughts by smoking; he rarely spoke, and I never saw him laugh. He only exclaimed every half hour, with a sigh of dejection, *Ay Jesus!* his daughter always answered in the same words, and they both again became silent.

A priest, the spiritual director of the house, came every day to see my hosts, with as much assiduity as a physician visits his patients. He wore a fair wig to hide his priest's tonsure, and was habited like an ordinary citizen, always affecting to say, that he dared not wear his canonical dress, for fear of being murdered by our soldiers; this useless disguise was solely for the purpose of increasing the violent irritation which already existed against the French.

Although, to appearance, the greatest tranquillity prevailed at Madrid, our regiment was always ready to mount at a moment's warning; and our horses, though in the capital, were kept constantly saddled as if it had been an advanced post in presence of the enemy. Eleven hundred determined Spaniards had, according to report, re-

mained concealed in the town when it capitulated, in order to raise the inhabitants, and to put an end to every Frenchman at the first favourable opportunity.

The infantry was distributed in the convents of the different quarters of the city: the requisite furniture had not yet been procured, to avoid being troublesome to the inhabitants, and to attach them to king Joseph. Our soldiers, subjected in an enemy's country to the strictest discipline, had none of the advantages which compensate the rigour of the military state in regular garrisons. They slept on the cold stone in the long corridors of the monasteries: they were sometimes in want of the necessaries of life, and cursed the poverty of the monks whom they had replaced, gayly complaining, however, of being forced to live like capuchin friars.

Amidst the strains of victory with which our bulletins resounded, we had a confused feeling of uncertainty concerning the very advantages we had just gained; it might have been said that we had conquered upon volcanoes. The emperor Napoleon made no public entry into Madrid, as he had done into the other capitals of Europe; we were told that he was prevented by the forms imposed by etiquette with regard to his brother Joseph, whom he already considered as a foreign sovereign. Encamped with his guard on the heights of Chamartin, he issued daily decrees to Spain, expecting the immediate submission of that kingdom, from the terror that the rapid success of our arms must have produced.

Don Quixote. At Cuenca we joined our division; and for some days we occupied cantonments at Belmonte and the neighbourhood of San Clemente: we waited for our artillery, which had great difficulty in advancing even one league, or, at most, two in a day: the winter rains had so destroyed the roads,

that it was frequently necessary to use the horses belonging to several pieces of cannon to drag a single gun. We afterwards crossed the country of Don Quixote, on our way to Consuegra and Madridejos. Toboso perfectly answers the description of Cervantes, in his immortal poem of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. If that imaginary hero was not of any great service to widows and orphans during his life time, his memory, at least, protected the supposed country of his Dulcinea from some of the horrors of war. As soon as the French soldiers saw a woman at a window, they cried out, laughingly, 'There's Dulcinea!' Their gayety tranquilized the inhabitants; far from flying, as usual, at the first sight of our advanced posts, they crowded to see us pass; witticisms upon Dulcinea and Don Quixote became a bond of union between our soldiers and the inhabitants of Toboso, and the French, being well received, treated their hosts in return with civility.

Moorish Remains. In Andalusia, still more than in any other province in the Peninsula, one meets with traces and monuments of the Arabs at every step; and it is the singular mixture of the customs and usages of the east, with Christian manners, which distinguishes the Spaniards from the other nations of Europe.

The town houses are almost all built on the Moresco plan; in the middle they have a large court paved with flag stones, in the centre of which there is a basin, whence fountains continually rise and refresh the air; the basin is shaded by the cypress and the lemon tree. Trellice work, supporting orange trees, whose leaves, flowers, and fruit last all the year, frequently covers the walls. The different apartments communicate with each other by the court, and there is commonly an interior gate on the same side with the door opening to the street. In the

ancient palaces of the Moorish kings and nobles, such as the Alhambra of Grenada, the courts are surrounded with colonades or porticos, whose narrow and numerous arches are supported by very tall slender columns; ordinary houses have a single and very plain interior court, with a cistern shaded by a large citron tree in one corner. A sort of pitcher or jar, in which water is put to cool, usually hangs near the door or wherever there is a current of air. These pitchers are called *alcarazas*; and their name, which is Arabic, indicates that they were brought into Spain by the Moors.

There is one of these open courts within the walls of the cathedral of Cordova, which was an ancient mosque. This court, like those of private houses, is shaded by citrons and cypresses, and contains basins, in which the water is kept continually pure and full by fountains. On entering the consecrated part of the *Mexquita*, for the temple has preserved its antique appellation even to our days, one is struck with astonishment at the sight of a multiplicity of columns of different coloured marbles. These columns are ranged in parallel lines pretty near each other, and they support a sort of open arcade covered with a wooden roof. This multitude of columns crowned with arcades, reminds one of a forest of palm trees, whose branches, regularly trained round, touch each other as they bend.

The chapel where the book of the laws was kept, is now under the guardianship of Saint Peter. A high altar for performing mass, and a choir where canons chant the service, have been placed in the middle of that Mussulman mosque, and have converted it in our days into a Christian temple. These coincidences are continually met with in Spain, and recall to mind the triumph of Christianity over Mahomedanism.

The Andalusians bring up nu-

merous flocks, which they feed in the plains during winter, and send in summer to graze on the tops of the mountains. The yearly and customary transmigration of large flocks at fixed times, originates in Arabia, where the practice is very ancient.

The Andalusian horses are descended from the generous breed brought over in former times by the Arabs; and the same distinctions, paid in Arabia to pure and noble blood in these animals, are still regarded in Spain. The Andalusian horse is proud, spirited, and gentle; the sound of the trumpet pleases and animates him; and the noise and smoke of powder do not frighten him; he is sensible of caresses, and docile to the voice of his master; so when he is overcome with fatigue, his master, instead of beating him, flatters and encourages him; the horse seems to recover his strength, and sometimes does from mere emulation what blows could never have extorted from him.

We were often followed by Spanish peasants, who led the baggage, victuals, and ammunition, upon their own horses and mules. One day I heard one of them after a long speech to his horse, who could hardly walk, whisper closely in his ear with great eagerness, and as if he wished to spare him an affront in the eyes of his fellows, *Take care that nobody sees you.* At the same moment a child was saying to his ass, *Curse the mother that bred thee.* Asses are treated much worse than horses, for they are not supposed capable of the same feelings of honour.

People commonly travel on horseback in Spain, and the carriage of goods is, in many provinces, still on the backs of mules. The fine roads which cross Spain are very modern; the streets of the old towns are narrow and winding, and the stories of the houses jut out farther the higher they are. These streets, of Moorish building, are not made for carriages. Excepting a few hotels founded by

Italians in the large cities, the inns of Andalusia, and indeed of all Spain, are large caravanseras, where one finds nothing but lodging, and room for horses and mules. Travellers are obliged to carry provisions with them, and to sleep upon their horse-cloths. The natives of the country travel in small caravans, whenever they go off the most public roads, and they carry guns slung to their saddle bows, for fear of being robbed by the smugglers, who are very numerous in the mountains of Grenada, and the southern coasts between Malaga and Cadiz. In some parts of Spain the country people, and particularly the farm servants, sleep stretched out upon mats, which they roll up and carry about with them. This eastern custom explains the words of our Saviour, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'

The country women sit, in the Moorish manner, on circular mats of reeds, and in some convents of Spain, where the ancient manners are transmitted without alteration, the nuns still sit like Turks, without knowing that they derive the custom from the enemies of the Christian faith. The mantilla, a sort of large woollen veil commonly worn by the lower class of women in Andalusia, and which sometimes hides their whole face, except their eyes, seems to have originated in the large scarf in which the eastern women wrap themselves when they go out. The Spanish dances, particularly the different kinds of fandango, resemble the loose dances of the east. The custom of playing the castanets in dancing, and of singing sequedillas, still exist among the Arabs of Egypt, as well as in Spain, and the burning wind which blows from the east, still receives the name of the Medina wind, in Andalusia.

Like the Orientals, the Spanish, in general, are sober, even in the midst of abundance, from a religious principle; they look upon intemperance as an abuse of the gifts of God, and entertain a profound contempt for

those who give themselves up to it. They eat salt pork every day at their meals; this meat, unwholesome in hot countries, is prohibited by the sacred laws of all the nations of the east, and is an abomination to them. At the time when Spain was conquered by the Christians, and before the entire expulsion of the Moors, there were in Andalusia a great number of Mussulmans and Jews, who had become converts in appearance only, in order to obtain permission to remain in the country. The Christian Spaniards then eat pork, as a test among themselves, and it was, so to speak, a kind of profession of faith.

The Spanish national and local troops, or the levies in mass, fight in disorder and with loud shouts. In an attack in the open country they have that impetuosity, that fury, mingled with despair and fanaticism, which distinguishes the Arabs; and, like them, they are apt to despair too soon of the event, and yield the battle at the very moment they might claim the victory; but when they fight behind walls and entrenchments, their firmness is unconquerable. The inhabitants of Egypt fled into the defiles of the mountains beyond the desert. The inhabitants of Spain quitted their dwellings on the approach of our troops, and carried their most precious effects into the mountains. In Spain, as in Egypt, our soldiers could not remain behind their companies without being murdered; in short, the inhabitants of the south of Spain possess the same perseverance in hatred, and the same liveliness of imagination, which distinguish the nations of the east; like them, they are easily discouraged on the least rumour of defeat, and rise up in arms the moment they conceive the slightest hopes of success. The Spaniards, like the Arabs, often treated their prisoners with the excess of barbarity; but they also sometimes exercised towards them the noblest and most generous hospitality.